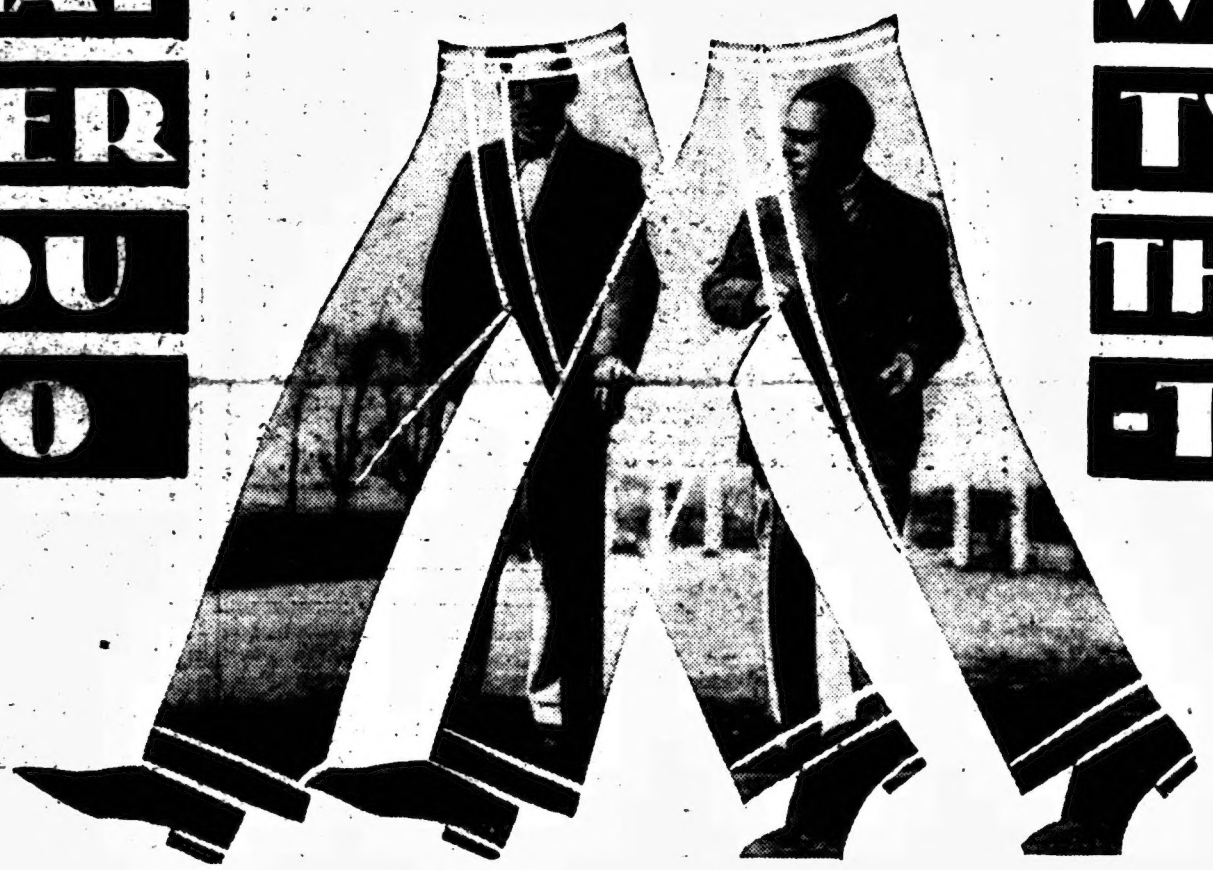
JOHN BULL, MAY 9, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1299.

WHAT-EVER YOU DO



WEAR TWO-THREE-TWO

Wear them for what you will, these famous "Two-Three-Two's," they'll give you more than you expect for the price you pay. More in comfort—64 fittings guarantee immediate fitting for any figure. More in style—they're tailored with quite unusual skill and care. More in wear—because of an exclusive finishing process which gives these famous flannels amazingly long life during which they never rub, fade or shrink. In four shades, Silver Ash, Silver Tone, Light and Dark Grey. From all good outfitters,

14/11
(Outsizes slightly extra)

AND A "SANDOM" HANDYCOAT

The "Sandom" Handycoat soon ranks in a man's favour with his best-loved pipe—or his "232's." It's a handy coat, a jacket with good fellowship in its cut, style in its workmanship and enduring wear in its material. Made by the makers of "232"—from fine quality cloths in a range of over fifty patterns and a still bigger range of sizes and fittings at three prices.

21/-
27/6 & 35/-

Take Service from "CENTACORT" WHITE FLANNELS again this Season - 21/-

"232" *Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the stores of The United Africa Co., Ltd., and their associated companies.*

Write for Free "232" and "Handycoat" Booklet to "232"- Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sinclair & Co., 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

60-PAGE wholesale Drapery Catlg.: also ABC Guide, direct from actual mfrs.; free; read page 56 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Examples of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz.; other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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MAKE MONEY by selling Remnants! Best selection in the Trade. Every description of Drapery Remnants. Piece Goods, Overalls, Blankets, Towels, Sheets, Pillow-Cases, etc. Wholesale only. Established 1859. Send for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J. B., ACCRINGTON.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS.—The Ideal Club Leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 50 years' reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for particulars and most wonderful Bargain Catalogue ever published.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

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8/6 OUTLAY, 24/- RETURN selling ROSINA Everlasting Perfume Blocks (assorted). Liberal Samples with art showcard and particulars 1/3.—BIRNE, 333a, Mile End Road, LONDON.

£2 BONUS and Half Profit. Sell 1/- packets of Private Printed Stationery; whole or spare time; either sex; samples and full equipment free to approved applicants. Write now, J. B. CARTER, Printer, Bedminster, Bristol.

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ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road" now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

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POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For partics. write ServiceCorrespondenceCollege, Thatcham, Newbury.

POLICE.—Forces being increased. Over 500 men shortly needed. Splendid pay and prospects. If over 5ft. 9 in. and under 27 apply for FREE details of Entrance Examination from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford Street, W.1.

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"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10: Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 69), 123, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 7/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 83, Buxted, Sussex.

CHEAP Printing.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. Posters and other cheap Printing. Samps. free. Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

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USE THIS FREE SERVICE.

Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW." *John Bull* is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written. A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free! Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 5/-, for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4. Colours 3/10 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.b. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle/Tyne.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PIXIE Razor Blades.—Sheffield Made. Warranted good shavers, 1/- dozen. Agents wanted. —Dronfield Tool Company, near Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOL Sale, 1d., 1½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug, 1/-, 1/6. Cable, 1/8 lb. 600 spls. Illus. Guide. "Scotia" Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —Bakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55 and 56, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

WOOL sale 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky 2½d. oz. 6-ply 1/-. 1.3, 1/6 lb., Cable 1/11½ lb. Samp'es free. Newcastle Wools (Dept. 71), 160, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PURE SILK STOCKINGS. Finest quality. All Shades. Cost prices. 2/- pair, 5/6 three pairs. —PRESS, 67, Stepney Green Bldgs., London.

GRANOLEUM Squares for Floors are cleaner and cheaper than carpets. They cost only 12/6 each. For further particulars see advt. on page 3.

LIGHTNING Leather Stitcher for Home-workers. Only 2/-. Quickly sews a perfect lockstitch in boots, bags, harness, etc., etc. This complete handy tool is fully described and illustrated in the advt. of J. Penn & Co. in "JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW" (page facing).

SIXPENNY ELECTRIC COMB. The famous "Wavex" electric comb NOW 6d. See descriptive advt. on page 3.

THE famous RUDGE MOTOR-CYCLE is offered on easy payments on page 28. Fill in the coupon for free catalogue.

SEVERAL CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by SELFRIDGE (p. 26), GRAVES (p. 27), HERCULES (p. 25).

JAY'S FOR THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT OF WHITSUN VALUE

Be in good time for Whitsun by placing your orders with Jay's. A splendid range of new designs now on view at all branches. Jay's vast organisation enables them to offer value which is beyond competition.

Worth	Monthly	Worth	Monthly
£10 ...	6/-	£50 ...	20/-
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NOTE THIS EXAMPLE OF JAY'S SUPREME VALUE

Beautiful Walnut Bedroom Suite: Full Length Wardrobe, Triple Mirror Dressing Table, 2-Drawer Large Chest. Perfectly finished and fitted throughout.

CASH PRICE **17 GNS.** OR **8/- MONTHLY.**

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OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAYS

Please SEND POST FREE your Handsome Catalogue.

Name .....
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OVER 120 BRANCHES Post Coupon (open envelope ½d. stamp) to the branch nearest you.

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CRICKLEWOOD ... 140, Broadway, N.W.2
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PALMERS GREEN ...25, Green Lanes, N.13
STOKE NEWINGTON ...98-99, High Street
CLAPHAM ... 59, 61, 63, High St., S.W.4
STRATFORD... 379-381, High Street, E.15
THORNTON HEATH .....59, High Street
HOLBORN .....51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1
PADDINGTON ... 210, Shirland Road, W.9
HOLLOWAY .....162, Holloway Road, N.7
PADDINGTON .....262, Harrow Rd., W.2
KING'S CROSS ...212, Caledonian Rd., N.1
345-347, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.5
UPTON PARK .....261, Green Street, E.13
WHITECHAPEL, 223, Whitechapel Rd., E.
WIMBLEDON ..... 91, Broadway, S.W.19
CROYDON ..... 5, London Road
READING ..... 47, Minster Street
WATFORD .....35-37, High Street
WORTHING .....15-17, Rowlands Road
WOKING ..... 11, The Broadway
BRIGHTON ..... 127, Queen's Road
NORWICH ..... 31, St. Stephen Street
NORTHAMPTON ..... 23, Gold Street
CHESTER ..... 22, Bridge Street

FREE.—Write for the "232" and SANDOM "HANDYCOAT" booklet, as offered in the Front cover announcement for "232" FLANNELS.

FREE.—Handsome illustrated Catalogue of JAY'S FURNITURE is offered in the large advt. on this page. Simply fill in the coupon.

FILL in the coupon in the BARRY TAILORING advt. on page 25 for Spring Patterns and Style Book.

AN absolutely WATERPROOF "MATTAMAC" is offered direct from the makers in the advt. on page 30.—Write for the free illustrated booklet B. 29.

TRANSFORM your gramophone into a powerfully amplified and sweet-toned model, with the "Loudspeaker" Soundbox. You can try one without paying a penny by sending to (P.) Hand & Co. (for address see advt. page facing).

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BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-. 75 modern home-made garments, Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Ontd. unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Expectant mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro., then judge yourself. Mother 16 years' exp.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

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GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME **AGENCY**

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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CRAMER'S offer a PIANO or ORGAN delivered to your home for 17/6 down. They will make a full allowance for old instruments. Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 340 offered in their advt. on page 31.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 8/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 9/-, 10 lb. 12/-. No. 1 dust 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Foulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Delicious, Specially blended. Highly Recommended. 10 lb. 11/-, 4 lb. 4/8, 4 lb. 5/6, 4 lb. 6/8, 4 lb. 8/-. Carr. pd. Special Prices Large Quantities.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly tormenting, no dieting, no interference with daily haunts. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Richard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 403T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

SUFFERERS FROM BOILS, CARBUNCLES and Abscesses. End your tortures with a trial tin of Clough's marvellous healing BLACK SALVE. Century-old family recipe; given relief to thousands. Even obstinate, long-standing cases yield to its magic. Give Clough's Black Salve a trial. 1/6 per tin, post paid. Booklet of Homely Remedies for all Complaints free on request.—Sole makers, H. Clough, M.P.S., 122, Barkerhouse Road, Nelson, Lancs.

PILES.—Instant relief GUARANTEED by using the Donovan Pile Instrument, or money refunded. Price 7/6. Write for booklet to THE DONOVAN SURGICAL CO. (Dept. 160), WITNEY CHAMBERS, BARKING, ESSEX.

RANKIN'S Head Ointment is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years! Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

You have NO RIGHT to be ill! CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE! Honest SQUARE-DEAL treatment one month 1/6 and guarantee to cure you in time or refund your money. I banish Depression, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Lazy Feeling, stomach troubles, unhealthy fatness. I will put NEW LIFE and energy into every fibre of your body. I am ENERGOL, Windsor House, Victoria St., Westminster, London.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.80), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

SUFFERERS from all LEG TROUBLES are offered a free sample of "ELASTO" and a special free booklet in the advt. on page 14.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plate (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

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50 P.C. PROFIT for you. Sell bedlinens, overalls, hosiery, etc. Wholesale cat. free. Write, Nickson's, Broadway Chambers, W.6.

RATS CONTAMINATE YOUR FOOD AND ARE A MENACE TO YOUR HEALTH. CLEAR THEM OUT WITH RODINE. RODINE NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3 ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WKS., PERTH. (POST, 3d. EXTRA.)

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FREE.—The latest "PRIVATE SEAL" List of Gifts. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 16.

AN illustrated Guide to Summer Excursions in NORTH WALES is offered in the L.M.S. advt. on page 21.

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FREE.—The new GIBBS' FAIRY BOOK. Fill in the coupon in the GIBBS' DENTIFRICE advt. on page 29 and enclose 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing) in sealed envelope.

THE Proprietors of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM will be pleased to send a week's supply FREE OF CHARGE to any reader of *John Bull* who writes to Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1. Mention *John Bull*. This offer appears in the advt. on page 31.

FREE.—De Luxe outfit of TOKALON Preparations can be obtained on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 976O), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. Turn to the advt. on page 31.

NEW HAIR NEXT WEEK

The famous "WAVEX" ELECTRIC COMB

NOW 6D

LET GLORIOUS WAVY HAIR BE YOURS.

BATTERY 3d EXTRA

The "Wavex" Electric Comb brings hair beauty and fashion all hair troubles—conquers baldness, stops falling hair, restores colour. It costs 6d. (battery 3d. extra) and saves expensive hairdresser's charges. The "Wavex" Comb will be sent, complete under plain sealed cover, for 1/- post free from:—

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 14

Its cost saved on the first job you do

PENN'S FAMOUS LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER.

Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handyman should be without one.

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

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Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.

SIMPLE TO USE.

Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Harness, Sail Cases, Hoods, Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions, 2/-, post 4d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein. 3 for 5/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2/9 doz.

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PRICE ONLY 2/-

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BEST WATCH VALUE Ever Offered

No DEPOSIT

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Metro Band, 30/-.

GENT.'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/-. Luminous, 2/- extra.

Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.

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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

5-Guinea Models for

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Numerous other models at similar reductions.

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All Models guaranteed for 50 years.

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IDEAL FOR WHITSUN

COMPETITION TENT

Size 6ft. long, 4ft. 3ins. wide, 3ft. 6ins. high, 6in. walls. Made from strong, white material. Brass-jointed pole in three sections. Complete in white cotton valise. *Post 1/- extra.* 15/6

Ground Sheet to fit 5/11

GOLD RUG SAG.

Genuine Norwegian Rug Sacs made from Fawn Waterproof material, 15ins. frame with one large outside pocket. 15/6.

16in. frame with one large and two side pockets outside and one large inside pocket. 19/6.

17in. frame, 24/6. Postage 9d. All with coat and waist straps.

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The squares are beautifully bordered and have artistic carpet effects in Blue, Red, Fawn and Brown. Hard wearing, damp-proof, lie flat without fixing.

Prices

3 x 3 yds.	12/6
3 x 2½ yds.	15/6
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State colour required. No extra charge for packing and carriage.

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A BEAUTIFUL HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE. 76 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS.

30/-

Expectant Mothers! Don't buy or attempt to make until you have seen my bargain. Silk and Wool Shawl Robes, Robes, Lawn, or Wincyette Day Gowns, Longcloth or Fan. Nighties, Wrapper Vests Binders, Long Back Flannels, (Barras or Beds), Pilches, Wool Knitted Matinee Coats, Terry Napkins, Bibs, etc. Testimonials daily from delighted mothers and names given this bargain unequalled. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval (Real cash or terms).

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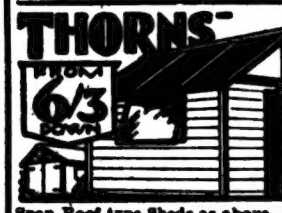

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments.	Or 12
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10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£7. 0.0	of 23/1	of 12/3

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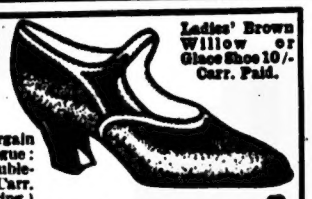

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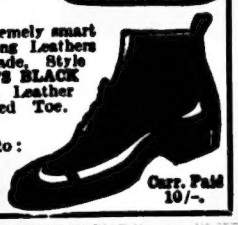

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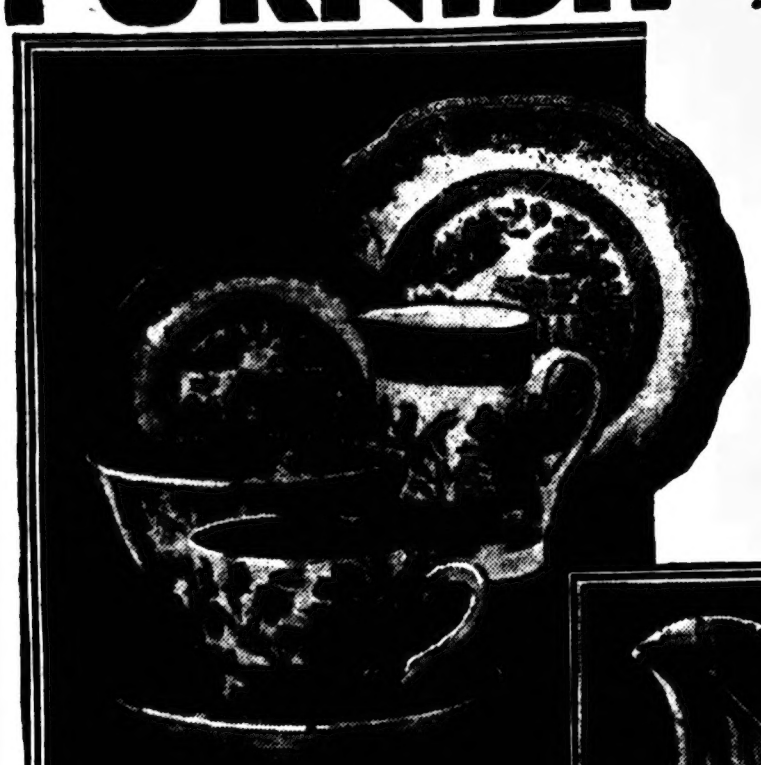

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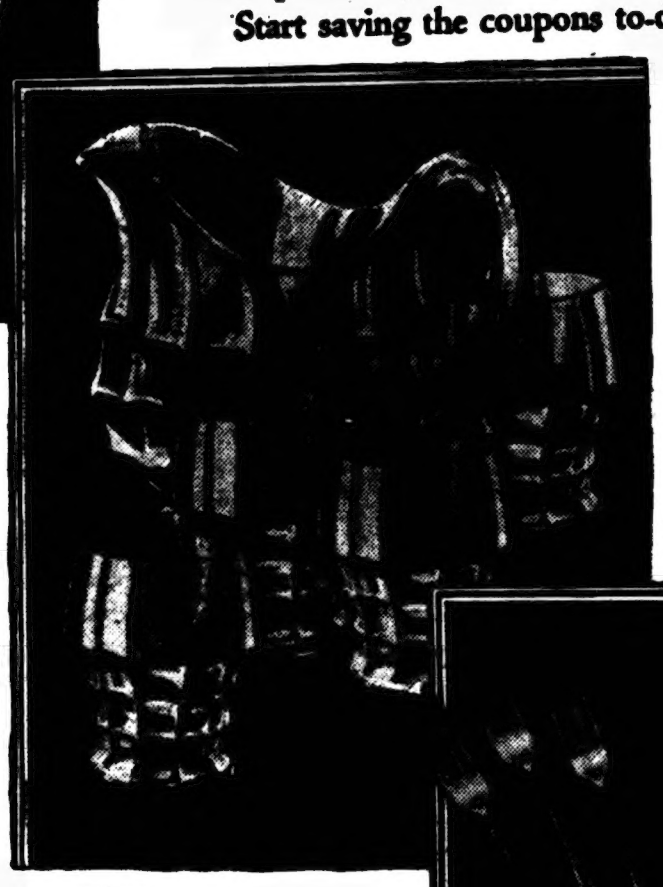

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, May 9, 1931. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

WE have received exclusive advance information of a new British invention—now in the experimental stage at Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth's—which may revolutionise railway transport.

It is a self-contained Diesel engine burning fuel oil made from British coal which will drive generators and supply current to motors.

Trains may be thus driven without the aid of power-stations, overhead trolleys or third rails—a tremendous saving.

* * *

More will be heard of this before any definite steps are taken to put into effect the Weir report on the electrification of all railways.

Hanging in the balance

After the Whitsun holidays the House of Commons is likely to have the opportunity of expressing its opinion on the hotly debated question whether capital punishment should be abolished for an experimental period.

* * *

Strong pressure is being applied behind the scenes to induce the Government to grant a day for the debate which will be taken on a resolution authorising the Home Secretary automatically to grant reprieves in murder cases until definite legislation has been passed.

If the Government agrees, the decision will be left to a "free vote," which will reveal some interesting cross-currents, and may result in a very close division.

Hour burnt

They *will* keep going near the fire!

A high police sensation arrives in the reduction to the rank of police constable of a police inspector with twenty-three years' service.

His duties included the supervision of West End of London clubs in the Marlborough Street division, and it was suspected that he was abusing his position

A place which he frequented too often was found to be conducted by one of three ex-police officers who had been punished for similar dereliction of duty!

Get a move on

Under the Cunard (Insurance) Agreement Act public money was pledged in order to hasten the building of two new liners.

One of these has been under construction for some months, but no decision has yet been reached regarding the second ship.

The Government does not know why the work is being held up or when it is likely to begin.

With 62 per cent. of the shipbuilding workers of this country officially returned as unemployed, the Government should compel action.

You saw it

If you see it in JOHN BULL it *is* so.

We are not shouting from the housetops, but at the same time we are taking to ourselves just a little credit for having forecast as long back as January 31 that Mr. Snowden would take some of his Dollar Reserve Fund to balance his accounts.

Readers will also remember that we gave details of the fund, and in a subsequent issue foreshadowed the change in income-tax collection.

Great Invention Secret

Free Vote on Hanging

Nightmare Menagerie

I.L.P.

The I.L.P. wants money. It has joined the economy campaign, and administrative expenses and allowances have been reduced. The Maxton régime drove away many rich subscribers, and the Party exchequer has suffered in consequence.

So they are planning a financial drive to replenish it.

In the meantime all is not unity with the left wing of the I.L.P. The Maxtonites do not agree with the Fenner Brockway disciples, and there is quite a huff between some of the members.

Mr. Brockway has a difficult task in keeping the wing from a definite split.

Save the airship workers

Whatever this Government or its successors eventually decides to do about the *R100*, there is a human side to this airship question which is its most urgent concern.

Find them jobs, Lord Amulree

Hundreds of highly skilled workers at Cardington have been thrown out of employment. Many had transported their families and homes from distant places when the Bedford works was first established. Now their only prospect is the "dole" queue.

Something must be done for them. The Air Ministry is morally responsible, and it should be easy for it to find work for these skilled craftsmen in other aircraft works over which the Ministry has some control.

We hope Lord Amulree will give the matter his first attention.

Why this silence?

Unemployment figures are falling steadily. During the past two months the total number has declined by some 200,000.

At this time of the year there is normally a seasonal increase in employment; but the figures seem to indicate something more than the seasonal increase.

This is good news.

But why is so little made of it in certain of the daily papers? When the figures were mounting the fact was advertised every week.

On the slate

The Bill to safeguard the funds of slate clubs, sponsored by Mr. D. G. Somerville, M.P., looks like passing into law at least in time to stop the usual epidemic of defaults by secretaries and treasurers next Christmas.

He'll scotch slate-club welshers

The Government has blessed it, and the Treasury officials are preparing amendments which they think will make it workable.

Under the Bill, all money will have to be banked, and the secretary will not be allowed to draw out any except with the counter-signature of trustees to his cheque.

Petrol from coal

An early development in the production of petrol from British coal is practically certain following the Budget petrol-tax.

This tax has raised the price of petrol to a level by which the oil from coal process will probably just be profitable.

Imperial Chemical Industries and others interested will shortly accelerate work and select sites for the erection of additional plant. So there should be opened up an entirely new and important market for British coal.

Good news for the miners.

His Deserts

At the Old Bailey, London, last week, Oscar Hull Merrick was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for endeavouring to obtain money by blackmail.

* * *

It is gratifying to know that this man, about whom we have had numerous complaints and against whom we have warned our readers time after time, has at last got his deserts.

Apart from bucket-shops and various company-promoting schemes, he has run several bogus financial papers.

* * *

This is the first time the law has succeeded in laying him by the heels. Society will benefit by his enforced absence from those haunts in the City where he lay in wait for the unwary

Taxing village treats

The 1930 Road Act contains one provision which bears hardly on rural communities.

A special road service licence costing £5 or £6 is demanded for each lorry or other vehicle used, even without charge, for conveying passengers.

But, owing to scanty funds, village school-children and cricket or football parties have hitherto relied on volunteer local transports, instead of ordinary charabancs, so this provision of the 1930 Act causes widespread hardship.

* * *

While giving ear to the big traffic trusts the Transport Minister should look out for "village Hampdens."

Barnum

Monstrous tropical bugs made of wax and adorned with thick hair and scales are a feature of the official British exhibit at the Colonial Exhibition opening shortly in Paris.

Another item is a lifelike model of a tick big enough to eat up a small dog.

* * *

This nightmare menagerie has been specially constructed to draw attention to Great Britain's part in the development of tropical medicine.

But French people are afraid it will keep timid visitors away from the exhibition.

Richest nation

Great Britain is still the richest nation on earth, according to the New York Trust Company's recently issued economic review of the world.

But there's a snag. British investments abroad are greater than those of any other country. One large British financial corporation, for instance, is heavily supporting Polish coal mines, although the home industry is in dire need of aid.

Steel props

Mining engineers in this country declare that steel underground props are safer and in the long run cheaper than wood props in mines.

We import most of our mining wood props from the Continent, yet almost without exception steel ones are used abroad.

Again, according to those who should know, the manufacture of steel props for our mines would find regular work for seven thousand or so steel and foundry workers.

Manufacturers, take notice.

Not canny

The Scottish M.P.s at Westminster are always anxious to be left free to consider Scottish matters in committee without the assistance of English and Welsh Members.

Yet the other day, when the Scottish Probation of Offenders Bill was before the Standing Committee on Scottish Bills, only seventeen out of the seventy-four Scottish Members turned up.

The committee had to be adjourned because the quorum of twenty was not present.

If the Scots want to retain their privilege of looking after their own affairs they must do better than this.

Sweated Soccer?

First League players in Scotland have got a grouse. They are being offered £3 a week in the close season and they don't like it. The clubs resound to one continuous moan.

Even internationals are asked to accept £4 in the playing season, and some of them have declined these terms. Club committees allow players to work on approved occupations for wages, but the men themselves contend that First League Soccer is a whole-time job.

Low finance is probably at the bottom of the trouble.

Milliners' orders

The battle of the beret is on. Women like the beret. It fits snugly, is easy to put on, looks smart, costs little. But the milliners are tired of two years of this kind of headgear.

True, they have varied the types. First, they were the little cloth caps of the Basque type; later they were made of straw, Panama, and other feminine what-have-yous.

Now, milliners are trying to introduce the brimmed beret, which, of course, makes the things less snug-looking and more expensive.

The women say they won't have it. The milliners say they've got to.

So there you are.

Sympathetic

A dear old lady of eighty-seven hobbled into the Petty Sessions Court at Wiveliscombe a few days ago to answer a summons for keeping a dog without a licence.

As most of her old-age pension goes on food, rent and biscuits for her pet (which she has had for thirteen years), she couldn't find the money.

"Can't you wait a little longer?" she asked when the summons was served.

They couldn't.

So her sister sent the money for the licence, and the magistrates, not satisfied with that, fined the poor old thing 5s. and costs.

Kindly souls!

Fire traps

Has the terrible lesson of last year's kinema disaster at Paisley been fully appreciated? Letters from various readers indicate that it has not.

We still hear from time to time of kinemas which fail to provide adequate facilities for emergency exits, and of others where there are obstructed gangways.

These are usually small houses, catering largely for children at twopence and threepence, in working-class areas.

Complaints have come in from points as far apart as London and Cornwall.

We can hardly believe that this criminal negligence still exists, and we warn all kinema-owners that JOHN BULL intends to investigate all such reports.

Oaths

The Manchester magistrates who refused to allow a Roman Catholic witness to be heard and bundled him out of court because he declined to take the oath on a Protestant Bible have raised a hornets'-nest about their ears.

The magistrates acted foolishly, for every man has a right to take the oath in a manner conforming to his creed.

Now the matter is to be raised in the House of Commons, and these justices may hear more of it.

They would not think of preventing a Chinese from having a saucer or two smashed or blowing out a lighted match by way of oath.

Why, then, insist on a Roman Catholic swearing over a Protestant Bible?

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

The kick in it

When is Glasgow Corporation going to tackle the problem of her depraved drinking-dens?

The police are aware of the existence of many of these resorts, yet they are growing more numerous.

JOHN BULL learns that to enter the closely guarded doors of these places it is necessary to know the password.

An investigator who has visited them tells a shocking story of young men and women taking part in drunken orgies.

And "Red Biddy" — which is poisonous—is still a popular drink.

Living on air

Mount Batten, Plymouth R.A.F. Seaplane Station, seems to allow for the air as a big part of the diet of its civilian servants and batmen.

He forgot

Following the fluctuations of the mystical cost-of-living index-figure, rates of pay fell by 1s. 3d. in September and again by 2s. 7d. recently.

The wage for these workers now averages £1 19s. 7d. per week, and the employment is non-insurable.

The Under-Secretary for Air, Mr. F. Montague, lightly dismissed representations on this question, by pointing out that health insurance contributions are also paid.

We presume he forgot to mention the bracing quality of the air.

True pluck

A few weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ellis, of Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, had their little seven-year-old Kenneth killed in front of their eyes by a motor-car.

Instead of spending weeks bemoaning their loss, they are now looking for a child whom they mean to adopt and love as they did their own boy.

We offer Mr. and Mrs. Ellis our deepest sympathy, and at the same time express our admiration for their generous open-mindedness.

Hello—new business

A complete overhaul of the British telephone service is receiving the very close attention of the new Postmaster-General, Major Attlee, M.P.

His line is busy

Developments of a striking character can be expected shortly.

In addition to speeding-up rural and automatic extensions, the Postmaster-General is going out after entirely new business.

"Everybody should be on the 'phone"; Major Attlee means to tell us why and how it can be done.

Publicity and advertising experts are among his daily callers these days.

Better for widows

Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister of Health, is considering a new concession which may help a good many widows to establish their claims to pensions.

At present, women who wish to appeal against the Ministry when it has rejected their application for pension, have to do so within one month.

This period is often totally inadequate for them to enlist the help they need and collect all the evidence necessary.

The Minister has been asked to extend the period to two months, and has promised to see whether this can be done.

Mean

Within forty-eight hours of Budget publication a wealthy Midland landowner who employs a score of gardeners and other outdoor workers gave four of the number a week's notice.

He then reduced the wages of the other sixteen by 20 per cent., and told them they had Mr. Snowden's income-tax squeeze to thank for "the economies he found it necessary to practise."

Mrs. Parker passes

A very ingenious swindle is being practised in North London by a young woman known as "Mrs. Parker."

She calls at small shops with a young baby in her arms, and announces that she is the wife of a policeman living in the locality.

She then makes a small purchase and starts a conversation with the shopowner, telling her that it is "privilege" day at the police-station.

There, she says, she can buy brandy for 6s. a bottle, whisky at the same price, and silk georgette at 2s. She offers, as a favour, to make purchases for the shopowner.

Money passes and there it ends. There's no such person as Mrs. Parker and no "privilege" purchasing in the neighbourhood.

Brute

James McDonald, forty-two, unemployed, living at Hopes Carr, Stockport, went out and got drunk, came home, and kicked his two-year-old baby under the bed.

The kick landed on the child's eye, and McDonald was haled before the magistrates and sentenced to three months' hard labour.

There is something radically wrong with our laws—or maybe local justices are to blame—for when McDonald has done his three months there is nothing at all to prevent him going out, getting drunk, and kicking two-year-old babies under beds again.

They paid

The Ministry of Pensions is not the only Government Department in which there is unnecessary delay in settling claims.

Take the case of Mrs. Nuttall, a Middleton reader. Arrears of old-age pension were due, but she could only obtain the usual "matter is receiving attention" letter.

So, at the request of her son, we took up her case with the Ministry of Health. Result: the money was paid within three days.

A long week!

Ministry of Labour, please note!

A Cardiff club recently required a girl for general work and applied to the employment exchange.

The exchange sent a girl to the club, who found that she was expected to work from 10 a.m. until midnight, with a break from 2.30 to 5.30, from Monday till Friday.

On Saturday she was asked to work from 6 p.m. until midnight.

The wage offered was the amazing sum of 10s. per week, with—let us be fair—food "thrown in."

Brazen

In our issue of March 21, under the heading "Ace of Tricks Unmasked," we warned readers against the machinations of one A. E. Colbourn, of 19, Chapel Walks, Manchester, carrying on as a business broker under the name of John Ogden and A. E. Colbourn.

We now take this opportunity of pointing out that this individual has left his old address, and is operating from 1, Bancroft Place, King Street West, Manchester.

He even has the impudence to circularise former dupes with his change of address.

The Ha'penny Bridge

Sooner or later — quite possibly sooner — there is likely to be a catastrophe at Preston on the "Ha'penny Bridge" over the river Ribble.

This bridge, so narrow that two vehicles can pass only with difficulty, is a grave danger.

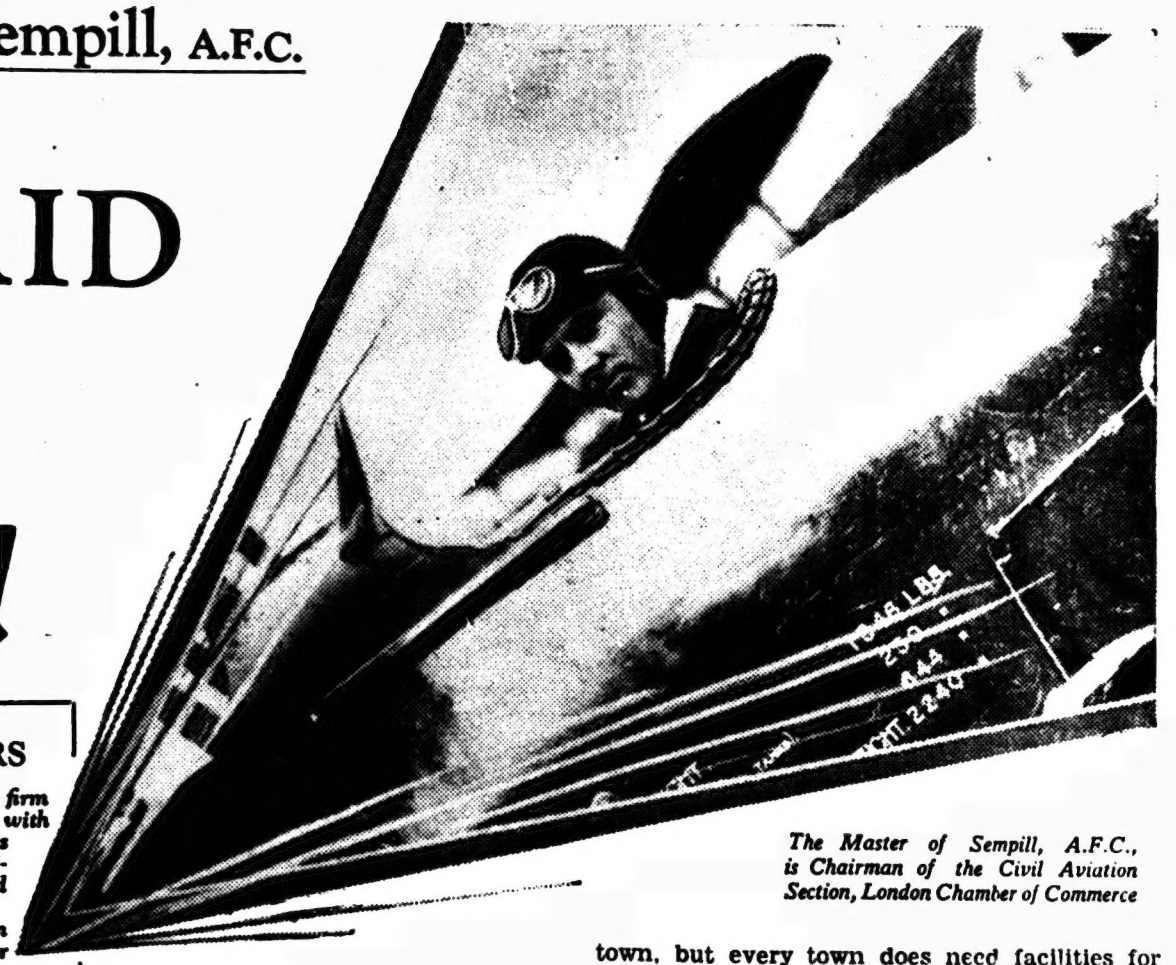
The parapets are scarred with marks from the vehicles which have been crushed into its sides, and the stories of remarkable escapes of pedestrians are legion, for the footpath is so narrow that single file is essential.

The upkeep and safety of the bridge are the joint concern of the Lancashire County Council and the Preston Corporation.

ADAMSON—Horse-sense

by The Master of Sempill, A.F.C.

THE AIR-RAID We Want!



The Master of Sempill, A.F.C., is Chairman of the Civil Aviation Section, London Chamber of Commerce

"IT'S urgent — very," said the man in Berlin. "I shall be with you in four and a half hours," replied the London manufacturer, replacing the telephone - receiver and glancing at his watch. It was 10 a.m. Then he gave his secretary an order, gathered up his papers and went by the lift down to his car.

Twenty minutes later he was taking-off in his own powerful 'plane. At 2.25 p.m. he sat in a Berlin hotel in conference with a leading German financier.

In an hour the transaction was completed and the Englishman carried a signed contract in his portfolio back to his aeroplane.

And, in London again that evening, he had time to set wheels working, agents scurrying, instructions prepared. To-morrow there would be jobs for another two hundred British workers.

* * *

These delicate business negotiations of modern times require personal handling—and every minute is precious. Yet there are still only a mere handful of wealthy business men in this country who have the fullest opportunities of rapid travel by air.

The Imperial side of our civil aviation has expanded enormously. The industry itself is in a thriving condition, and Britain is the largest exporter of aircraft in the world.

No air-parking here!

YET, side by side with these achievements, the curious paradox remains that, so far as the "air habit" is concerned, we are the most backward country in the world.

Its growth, and with it the development of commercial air transport and touring, is being held back by the lack of air-parks and landing-grounds.

We have failed as a nation to grasp the fact that until every town has an air-park or, at least, a landing-ground, the fullest use of the aeroplane—the world's fastest vehicle—cannot be made.

We hear of the approach of the flying age—but it is already here and finds us unprepared.

Take the case of London, the hub of the Empire's airways. It has only one airport—Croydon—that provides complete facilities for international air-line traffic.

The only other airport near London—Heston—lies to the west, and caters primarily for the needs of the private owners of light aircraft. Croydon is situated on the southern fringe, about forty-five minutes' journey, under favourable conditions, from the centre of the capital.

Many new industries have sprung up around London since the war, mainly in the northern suburbs. Quick communications with the Continent are vital to them; yet it may take a business man from the north of London about two hours to reach Croydon—nearly as long, in fact, as the flying-time from Croydon to Paris.

But if London needs another airport, and several additional air-parks, what of most of the great provincial centres?

Panic to-morrow

NOTHING less than isolation from the air arteries of the Empire is the fate of these towns. They have no direct air-communication with overseas towns, and their trade suffers accordingly.

Lack of vision, and an ability to realise how large a part aircraft can play in commerce even to-day, let alone to-morrow, are the reasons for the amazing apathy shown by some municipalities in the question of providing municipal air-parks.

It is a dangerous apathy, for it is definitely going to handicap the growth of British industry in the near future.

Manchester set a notable lead in the right direction two years ago when it received an Air Ministry licence for the creation of the first municipal air-park.

Results have proved the wisdom of this course. In the summer of last year Imperial Airways ran a service connecting with the Continental departures and arrivals of aircraft at Croydon. The support obtained was considerable, so much so that Manchester's business-men have urged the restoration of the service this summer.

The other important cities that have given a lead by the establishment of air-parks which are in operation to-day are Hull, Nottingham, Blackpool, Bristol, Ipswich, Liverpool and Plymouth. These have similar arrangements in contemplation and have provided air-taxi facilities.

The air-park at Manchester enables that city, the centre of one of the most important industrial areas in the country, to have direct access by air-transport to Europe and, along the Empire air-route, to its largest customer, India.

An air-park with all facilities for large commercial aircraft is not needed in every town, but every town does need facilities for accommodating air visitors, who will come generally in small machines.

Private flying is ready to increase; air touring will become popular when the feeling of being "all-dressed-up-with-nowhere-to-go" has been killed by the provision of landing facilities.

Britain—new view

BRITAIN'S beauty-spots should attract air-tourist traffic from all over Europe and reap a rich reward. Every seaside and inland resort should take steps towards the provision of facilities for aircraft.

In some cases, joint action may prove valuable, as in the schemes recently discussed for a jointly-owned aerodrome for Brighton, Hove and Worthing, and for Bradford and Leeds.

Under powers possessed to-day by local authorities, land can be set aside for the purpose of air-park construction, just as it can be scheduled for the development of public parks.

These powers must be exercised, for towns are growing, and when the need for an air-park is forced on even the most backward authorities, it may well be found that land-values have risen so as to make the cost prohibitive—in fact, this has already occurred in several instances.

Progress in civil aviation has been more rapid abroad than here, very largely because the importance of ground organisation has been fully realised.

The United States of America, for instance, have to-day probably the finest system of internal airways in the world. There is not a town of any size that lacks an air-park, not a tourists' centre that is unprovided with a landing-ground; in all there are some 1,800 organised landing-points.

Learn from the Prince

ONE outcome is that the United States possesses the only regular trans-Continental night air-mail in the world, and has some 14,000 miles of air-route equipped for night-flying.

Germany has done much the same; so have France, Italy, and other Continental countries. Even small states like Czecho-Slovakia are relatively better provided with air-parks than this country.

Once the facts are grasped, it is to be hoped that our backward municipalities will take a pride in providing their towns with well-equipped air-parks, and will show that they have appreciated the lesson taught us by the Prince of Wales—always to the fore in any new movements—who has demonstrated, time and time again, the advantages of air trade.

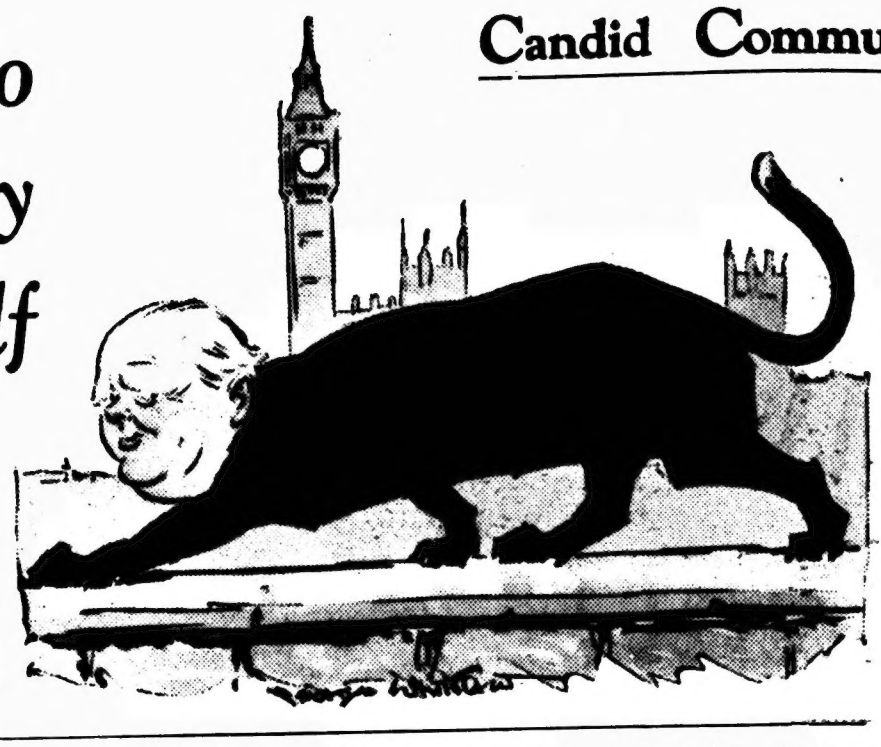
SPEED CONQUERS

A director of a very important firm of civil engineering contractors, with interests all over Europe, uses his machine regularly for business purposes both by day and by night.

He estimates that by using an aeroplane, as opposed to other means of transport, he is able to save in time something in the neighbourhood of two months in the year.

Last year the writer was anxious to visit Scandinavia and the Baltic States to see various people and to gain information as to the general situation. By normal means such a journey would have taken six weeks—by aeroplane it was covered in three.

The Cat Who Walks by Himself



The Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
Chartwell Manor, Westerham, Kent

DEAR WINSTON,—I have always watched your impulsive crusades with interest, mixed occasionally with alarm and often with amusement.

To find you championing Mr. Snowden for a Budget, so dangerously like your own in its artificial balance, tickles my sense of humour, and I don't doubt that you enjoyed the consternation of your colleagues as much as I did.

Do you remember Kipling's "Cat Who Walked by Himself," the only one of the faithful friends whom man has never tamed? Among the Party tabbies you, my dear Winston, remain conspicuously the Cat Who Walks by Himself.

But, even with nine political lives, I think the time has come for you to tread your wild and lonely way over the Westminster tiles a little delicately.

For I fancy that, though you like to walk by yourself, you always prefer to have a good following, at a suitable distance.

You won't find many to follow you into the wilderness—least of all now that you have added a solar topee to your varied collection of headgear.

Parliament would be duller than it is without your presence. Go on walking alone by all means, but watch your step.

JOHN BULL.

COUNT DE BROQUEVILLE,
Minister of Defence, Belgium

DEAR COUNT,—While the whole world is urging disarmament, you are prophesying not only another holocaust, but that a British Army will again be fighting on the Continent!

After saying that we can no longer rely on treaties, you declare that "We must create fortified zones under cover of which the Belgian Army will be able to await the help of the British Army and repulse the invasion."

Isn't this the kind of talk likely to kindle the very fires you dread? You cannot have forgotten smoking Louvain, the ruin that was Ypres, the horrors of the Salient?

And remembering them, I think you have lost an excellent opportunity of keeping silent.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD,
10, *Downing Street, London, S W.*

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You are no doubt aware that for years I have been advocating the abolition of lighter-than-air vessels. "Scrap the gasbags" has been my slogan ever since the disaster to the *R38* over Hull eleven years ago.

It gives me great pleasure, therefore to see that you have allocated a whole day for the *R101* debate in the House of Commons, and I hope that, as a result of that discussion, we shall kill the gasbags for all time.

JOHN BULL.

WISHDALE, JONES and ENGLAND
Constables, *D Division*

DEAR OFFICERS,—Let me congratulate you on your bravery in stopping a runaway horse and van in Wigmore Street, London. One after another you seized the plunging, tearing animal and were thrown to the ground.

Then, although one of you was badly injured, you all three pursued the runaway and brought it to a stop.

You were presented at Bow Street Police Court with cheques for your pluck. You deserved them.

JOHN BULL.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL,
Lord's Cricket Ground, London, N.W.

GENTLEMEN,—I am glad to see that you intend to go "all out" for younger players and initiative in your Selection Committee work, and have nothing but approval for your viewpoint.

You have, however, power to co-opt two professionals in your Selection Committee, one from the North and one from the South.

Carry on the good work by making use of that prerogative. The inclusion of a Jack Hobbs and a Sutcliffe would receive countrywide approval.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF ROSEBERY,
Senior Steward, Jockey Club

MY LORD,—The public will not be satisfied until you appoint thoroughly competent stipendiary stewards to supervise race-meetings.

An advisory steward to assist honest incompetents at local meetings cannot cope with the situation. No single person, for instance, can supervise the start and the finish of a race, and there are a hundred other parallel cases.

I know the progressive members of the Jockey Club have to combat a great deal of worn-out tradition and old fogeyism, but I hope this will not deter you in the modernisation of racing JOHN BULL.

The SECRETARY,
General Purposes Committee,
Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—The City to-day is like a desert. Investors are leaving it bare. What is the remedy? Surely to tell the public how the Stock Exchange can serve it, to pour a little rosy limelight on Throgmorton Street in anticipation of better times.

It is your boast that you do not advertise. You must change all that. Advertising is one of the mainstays of industry. You had better begin to advertise soon—or it will be too late.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. CLYNES.—I trust that your department will not hinder the passage into law of Sir John Withers' Bill to enable poor persons to appeal from police-courts to Quarter Sessions.

At present, unless he has at least £45 as security for costs, a poor man who believes he has been wrongfully condemned in a police-court has no hope of clearing his character by appeal.

And most poor people whom this Bill is designed to help have little to lose save their characters. JOHN BULL.

Mr. MAURICE BRAIN,
Arley Pit, Nuneaton

DEAR MAURICE,—You are the hero of the disaster at Arley Pit, in which four of your mates were killed by a 70-ton roof collapse.

Instead of being taken up to the pit-head after you had extricated yourself you went back to the scene, and worked for four hours with the rescue-party.

Then you went home, and because you did not wish to distress your invalid mother, you told her nothing about the accident and took her to the pictures.

You are a real man. Put it there!

JOHN BULL.

The PRESIDENT,
National Playing Fields Association

DEAR LORD DERBY,—In your presidential address on May 21, you will be able to point with pride to the fact that in the past four years no fewer than 835 new playing-fields have been provided for the public through the work of your association.

It is only logical that you should now lead the support in the House of Lords for Dr. Addison's scheme for providing national parks.

Do so and you will be not only a public benefactor, but a truly great landowner.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

A Pit Hero
Scrap the Gas-Bags
3 Brave P.C.s

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR GEORGE HUNTER: "If our young men try to live without hard work they will go wrong."

Make the hard work less hard to find.

* * *

THE REV. CAREY BONNER: "We are in danger of allowing the conception of a church to be swamped by the notion of a club."

A good club has its points.

* * *

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS: "Our manufacturers should get rid of that inferiority complex."

Isn't it rather the ornamental directors who are to blame?

* * *

SIR M. O'DWYER: "Our right to India is greater than that of any race in India."

That spirit would wreck the Empire.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, Metropolitan Magistrate, discourses on

The Tarnished Silver Screen

ERE Greta Garbo vamped her way
To stardom, long ere Dietrich's smiles—
Those slow, soft smiles that stab and slay—
Were known, or Pola with her wiles
Lured lads to ruin, I am told
Love was a game already old.

Long ere the motor-car had come
To usher in an era new,
The tongues of lovers were not numb;
Of tricks young people knew a few;
They met and spooned when nights were dark,
Although there were no cars to park.

Who is there, then, with nerve to say
That "stars" and cars have brought a change?
That love's old tale as told to-day—
With sequels sweet or sad or strange—
Differs from those that held the stage
Before the film and petrol age?

Who is there? Well, there are a few—
A bishop here, a killjoy there,
And e'en a magistrate or two—
Who of the past seem unaware;
And to this list of grown-up bairns
We now must add the name of Cairns!

The rhyme I have just read was one of numerous communications I received after my address to the Religious Tract Society.

But, despite criticism, I stand by what I said regarding the evil influence of the films, with their emphasis on sex and love-making. They are, I told the meeting, "fouling civilisation, and our criminal courts and hospitals are left to clear the litter up."

I repeat: "Constantly in my court I see girl mothers faced by lads challenging their obligations of paternity. Girls and lads in motor-cars haunt our by-pass roads, and their admission of a cheapened virtue is dreadful."

It is no answer to this indictment to say that the police-courts had to deal with affiliation cases long before the kinema arrived, and that roamin' in the gloamin' was a favourite pastime before Henry Ford was born.

You do not convict me of absurd exaggeration merely by pointing out that Romeo and Juliet managed to fall in love without hints from Hollywood and to meet by night without the aid of petrol or the pillion.

And even if I do exaggerate, I do so in good company, for I have on my side some of the nation's most eminent publicity pirates, heresy-hunters and manufacturers of artificial sin.

Each reformer with a passion
To be really in the fashion
Knows precisely what he has to think and say
When, to maiden aunts orating,
He begins expatiating
On what are called "the evils of to-day."

Now the demon drink's out-moded,
And nobody can be goaded
Into feeling very shocked about short skirts.
E'en "the Modern Girl" is played out
At those meetings where are weighed out
Information *re* the devil and his works.

Though sheer boredom has bereft us
Of these things, two cards are left us
Two evils that have not been put to rout—
Both of them we dearly cherish,
For if they by chance should perish,
Heaven knows then what we'd have to spout about!

SNOWDEN *has a* *Flutter*

by A. G. GARDINER

"He knows this is not the finance of Philip Snowden but the finance of a gambler"

THIS, my brethren," said the Scots minister, "is a verra knotty point. Let us look it straight in the face—*and pass on.*" Mr. Snowden is the last person in the world whom we should have expected to find at the feet of this teacher.

His reputation is that of a man of iron resolution, inflexible courage and incorruptible honesty. I believe he deserves that reputation as much as any man in public life.

Yet by universal consent he has looked his problem in the face and passed on. He has not grappled with it. Still less has he solved it. He has quite deliberately shelved it. He has postponed the day of reckoning for another year.

And in order to do so, he has raided the hen-roosts more unblushingly than Mr. Churchill had done before him.

The fifth quarter

He has brought into revenue £20,000,000 of capital from the exchange fund that is set aside as security for the repayment of the American debt.

He has imitated the famous device of "Bob" Lowe of raking in five quarters of income-tax in one year.

By these ingenuities, and by ignoring the fact that the deficiency on the insurance fund this year alone will involve an expenditure of £40,000,000, he has technically balanced his Budget without any additional taxation, apart from the £7,500,000 which the increase in the tax on petrol will bring in.

Now if there is a financial purist in the land in these days of profligacy, it is Mr. Snowden. He knows much better than any of his critics can tell him that this is not sound finance.

He knows that he is not dealing with the desperate state of the national finances, but is plastering it over with a coat of whitewash.

He knows that he can plunder the capital account of the exchange once, but can't do it again. He knows that he can make the income-tax payer pay five quarters in a year once, but can't do it again.

He knows that he can turn a blind eye to the £40,000,000 deficiency on the insurance fund, but that the bill will have to be footed by the taxpayer, blind eye or no blind eye.

10 to 1 chance

In a word, he knows that he has not balanced his Budget. He knows that for the first time in a peace year he is meeting expenditure not out of revenue, but out of capital.

And I repeat that he knows this is wrong. He knows that this is not the finance of Philip Snowden, but the finance of a gambler.

Why has he done it?

He is not a gambler, yet he has gambled flagrantly, and I am bound to say recklessly. He has gambled not on an even chance. He has gambled on a one-in-five chance, perhaps a one-in-ten chance.

He has gambled on the prospect of such a trade revival this year that the outlook will be transformed when the day of reckoning comes next year.

There is no such prospect. Even if the revival comes, as we all hope, by the turn of the year, it cannot affect next year's Budget.

It is only now that we are experiencing the full effects of the devastating blast that has swept over industry.

What those effects are may be estimated by the daily tale of diminished and "passed" dividends, and nothing short of a miraculous revival of trade in the autumn can prevent this year's revenue being not better, but worse, than last year's.

Mr. Snowden has not the excuse that he had no practicable alternative to his devices. He might have reduced the sinking fund.

The attempt to wipe out our vast indebtedness in fifty years is heroic, but in an emergency such as the present it might well be relaxed. Such a course would be candid, where the other is not.

Mr. Snowden might fairly argue that raiding the sinking fund would create alarm which would be prejudicial to his conversion scheme and to public confidence. That is true.

But there is no such reply possible in regard to his failure to tax other sources of revenue. A substantial increase of the revenue from tobacco was universally expected. Something more might have been obtained from drink, and the case for an increased duty on tea could have been effectively established.

I don't think Mr. Snowden neglected these possibilities because he was out for popularity. His Budget, at the first blush, was certainly popular.

It was popular because none of us like new taxation, and here was a Budget which, in the direst circumstances, imposed practically no new taxation.

We were all astonished, and we were all relieved. But we are purchasing present relief by mortgaging the future.

Probably the avoidance of new indirect taxation is related to the central purpose of the Budget. Mr. Snowden will have no truck with tariffs. On this he is adamant.

Sop of beer

But there is a not inconsiderable element of the Labour Party which wants or is wavering on tariffs and which would have resented more indirect taxation on beer, tobacco and tea as the means of keeping them at bay. He has kept them quiet at a price.

And he has done something more.

He has consolidated the opposition to Protection, and has brought the Labour and Liberal Parties into more effective co-operation than they have ever been.

He has done this, not only by his inflexible adherence to Free Trade, but also by incorporating in the Budget a system of land valuation and taxation which is one of the most cherished aims of the Liberal Party.

The result is seen in the enthusiastic endorsement of the Budget by the Liberal spokesmen, and by the entirely new and cordial spirit of the relations of the two Parties.

It is significant of those relations that a Liberal had a clear run against the Conservative at Scarborough, and that the Labour candidate enjoyed the same privilege at Ashton.

In a word, a General Election is, to all appearances, indefinitely postponed, a Free Trade *entente cordiale* is established between Labour and Liberalism, and a possible compromise in regard to avoidance of dog-in-the-manger conflicts in the constituencies is in sight.

There will be difficulties which may be insuperable. The left wing of the Labour Party has no love for the Liberals and no passion for Free Trade. It will scowl, but it will not kick over the traces now. It may queer the pitch when the General Election comes.

But at the moment Mr. Snowden's policy of hitching the Liberals to a Free Trade chariot is in the ascendant, and his Budget is a powerful instrument to that end.

Personally, I am in sympathy with the end. I don't want to see the Free Trade position go by default because the two Parties which on the whole support it are engaged in cutting each other's throats. I welcome, too, any prospect of a return to the two-Party system.

Sleeping-draught

But these considerations do not reconcile one to a Budget which does not face the facts of a grave situation, and which adopts expedients that cannot be defended and the consequences of which can hardly fail to be disastrous.

Mr. Snowden might have used the occasion to shake the country out of its sleep and to awake his own Party to the disagreeable, but irrefutable, fact that nothing but a rigid policy of economy can redeem the situation.

Instead, he has given us a sleeping-draught which will aggravate the problems of the day of reckoning.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Unselfish Deceivers

SOMEONE asked me not long ago if I knew anyone, man or woman, old or young, in public or in private life, who was not on the make.

I am thankful to say that I do know people who are not on the make—at any rate, not for themselves—and the world is the better for having them.

There is the little woman who greets her husband with a smile when he comes home from a weary, fruitless tramp in search of work.

Their home is going bit by bit, and she has to pretend that she does not greatly mind and expects to be able to replace their vanishing possessions by better ones when their luck turns.

She is doing her best to keep up the heart of a sorely discouraged man, though her own is as heavy as lead and she sheds a few tears in secret.

* * *

Have you, reader, ever known the agony of wearing a bright face in the presence of some one dear to you when your soul was torn with grief and you dared not show it?

You know, perhaps, what that particular person does not know, that his life hangs by a thread; the doctor says he must not be worried, all bad news must be kept from him or the shock might prove fatal.

So you hold your tongue, and the invalid never suspects what a fight you are having to keep things going and stave off the worst.

Oh that daily, hourly effort! You do more than keep silent for the sake of him you love; you force yourself to counterfeit a blitheness of spirit you do not feel.

You conceal from him the fact that the son he idolises has been disgraced, or that his trusted friend has robbed him, or that you don't know where the rent is coming from, or that you have to sit up late and get up early to see to his comfort and make ends meet.

* * *

A man whom I knew slightly in earlier days was believed by his family to be hale and strong. One day he suddenly dropped dead in the act of stooping to caress the baby.

Then it was discovered that for years he had been aware that this might happen, and had gone from one insurance company to another to try to take out a policy for the benefit of those he must leave behind; none would accept him.

Then, too, the children realised why he had scraped and saved every penny he could, denying himself every pleasure and relaxation; it was all for their sakes, but he had kept his secret well and borne his burden alone.

Wherever such lives are being lived, wherever such deeds are being done, there you see a divine Spirit at work, refining, uplifting ennobling those who come under its influence.

It is good to play a part in real life sometimes, if by so doing you can at your own cost shield another from useless pain.

JOHN BULL
Weekly Informations—

ROGUE'S CRUEL Job Fraud

AS Chief of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL, I follow closely the work of the Advertising Association. Its Vigilance Committee has the task of excluding from the advertising columns of reputable newspapers all advertisements of a suspicious or swindling type.

Although splendid work is unquestionably done, much more could be achieved, I consider, if the advertising representatives of every good newspaper and periodical would seek the aid of the National Vigilance Committee in order to keep its columns clean and free from blame.

The name of one great newspaper, I regret to say, is figuring before me in distressing complaints with a regularity that is almost monotonous.

Gilt-edged look

Since many of these advertisers have criminal records behind them as their only recommendation, it may be taken for granted that little, if any, investigation is made by those who sanction the printing of their publicity.

As I write, I have before me a typical example taken from what are known as "the smalls," or brief advertisements.

About three months ago a William Middleton rented offices at 51, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C., and shortly afterwards blossomed forth as W. A. Middleton and Co., estate agents, auctioneers and surveyors.

Middle-aged and very businesslike, Middleton was accompanied by a most efficient woman secretary, who appeared to be working at great pressure whenever Middleton had visitors.

For several weeks advertisements emanating from W. A. Middleton and Co. appeared in newspapers offering remunerative positions to intelligent people of highest character.

Many victims

The attractiveness of the announcements may be judged when I say that one morning more than a score of men called at the Carey Street offices for particulars.

Middleton addressed them all at once! A clever pose this, implying that every minute was valuable.

He said that he had several posts available which would entail considerable responsibility on the men he selected.

The jobs could be given only to those applicants who were willing to put down a substantial sum as a sign of integrity and good faith.

The money, be it £50 or £100 or more, would be held in trust for them, not absorbed in the business, and returned to them intact at the end of their engagement.

At the mention of a cash deposit many had to leave with their hopes dashed. Those who remained behind Middleton regaled with a remarkable story of his prosperous scheme.

His firm, he said, acted as agents for many owners of property who had entrusted him, at a high salary, to collect rents on their behalf.

That, however, was only one side of the business.

He had latterly been appointed the agent, and in some instances entirely represented the owners, of land in various parts of the country on which houses had either been erected and were tenanted or were now in the process of construction.

He therefore required men to take charge of each area, to understudy him, collect rents, and do the dozen and one other jobs necessary.

This story was convincing enough, and several men enrolled that very morning. Later on others followed suit.

One of Middleton's dupes was a poor fellow who had been a stage-hand with a touring theatrical company for years. The bad times in theatreland had thrown him on the scrap-heap.

When Middleton's offer came along, it seemed such a golden chance that he handed over £50—most of which he had to borrow—to take over the control of an estate in Kent.

What happened to him? He got one week's money. The second week he received a cheque, which was first

Sir J. Gomer Berry, President of the Advertising Association, should stir up the Vigilance Committee. Behind him is the Carey Street office which Middleton audaciously used to carry out his fraud

—from Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Child

of all post-dated and finally came back dishonoured.

Since then, all he has had from Middleton is a succession of promises that all would be well when a little unexpected trouble concerning a contract had been cleared up.

The little "unexpected trouble" was never cleared up, and, after successfully deceiving his dupes for nearly two months, Middleton suddenly vanished.

Swift—and cruel

He left his offices and his private address in South London—and a number of personal creditors to compose notes with his business victims.

Numerous cheques marked "R.D." are in existence signed by him on a bank at Upper Norwood.

In this lightning employment fraud advertisements were his chief mediums, yet he is well known to the police already in his real name of Cody and under numerous aliases in connection with similar frauds perpetrated in London and elsewhere.

* * *

The audacity of Middleton in obtaining accommodation in such a reputable suite of offices is typical of him and his kind.

Don't part with cash!

A few months ago offices were rented by a man named Redgrave on the very threshold of the Law Courts. He ran a five-weeks' venture there under the title of Osborne and Co., and got away with over £3,000 in an audacious share-selling swindle was able to expose at the time.

Redgrave was subsequently arrested and is now serving a period of penal servitude.

A notorious criminal named Williams also used an office in the famous Carey Street.

He floated there a company which ended in his disappearance and the loss of large sums of money to unsuspecting people.

One last word. May I repeat what I have so often said before?—money should never be paid for a job, no matter how anxious one is to get employment, without the fullest enquiry as to the integrity of the advertiser.

Red-Tape Reward for HEROISM

LIFE is hard for the "men who go down to the sea in ships." The Merchant Shipping Act endeavoured to alleviate some of the hardship caused by the hazards of the sea, but, like all Acts, its wording is fertile ground for legal argument.

A wreck may be a wreck to sailors who struggle ashore against the might of the storm, but it may be something different to landsmen who lie snug asleep in bed at night.

In the bitter dark of the morning of February 25, the British tanker *Wellfield* went on the rocks, six miles east of the Bosphorus.

All night a gale of rain and wind that lashed the Black Sea to fury had beaten on the ship, bound for home out from the Rumanian oil-port of Constantza.

In the darkness she seemed to be making water fast, and after every effort had been made to save her, twenty-two of the crew put off in the only lifeboat not smashed. The rest, some fifteen men and officers, were taken ashore by breeches-buoy on a line landed by rockets.

The men in the lifeboat, after three hours afloat on a raging sea, were picked up by the Norwegian tanker *Raila*. They were landed at Constantinople the following day.

On March 3, the whole crew, with the exception of the captain, the chief officer and the chief engineer, were sent home, arriving in London on March 10.

There they were paid their wages up to and including March 12. Since then, up to the time of writing, they had not received a penny more.

* * *

In response to application for unemployment insurance, at least one has been told that he is not eligible for benefit as, under the terms of the Merchant Shipping Act (1925), he is entitled to two months' pay from the date the ship struck.

The *Wellfield*, however, it is claimed by the managers, Messrs. Hunting and Son, is not a wreck within the meaning of the Act, and therefore the two months clause does not apply.

Sailors are not a thrifty race, and a few weeks' unemployment soon brings them to want. Their wages, too, leave little margin for saving.

* * *

So while the interesting legal point of whether or not the *Wellfield* is a wreck within the meaning of the Act is being debated the sailors must starve.

When the *Wellfield* struck, the men, obeying the impulses of heroism and comradeship that are the tradition of the sea, stuck to their post.

There was no legal argument about the fury of the sea, the three hours drifting in the dark coldness, or the hazardous journey across foam-swept rocks.

Surely men back from the threshold of death are entitled to something more than red tape.

DUPED GIRL: Sensational Sequel

"In twenty-four hours Miss Taylor was back in her home." She and her father pose for "John Bull's" photographer

WITHIN twenty-four hours of the publication in our issue a fortnight ago of the story of Althea Ellen Taylor, this girl was restored to her parents and the man who so cruelly duped her has been cast into jail.

When we published the story of this girl's disappearance from her home at Leiston, Suffolk, under the heading "Motorist's Missing Girl Dupe," we had high hopes of relieving the burden which had rested on the shoulders of her unhappy parents for fourteen months. Those hopes were well founded.

Within three hours of the publication of the facts we had reason to be satisfied that Miss Taylor would be found.

In six hours we were justified in advising her mother by telegram that her daughter was alive and that we had every hope of tracing her.

In twelve hours we found the long-missing woman. In fourteen hours the scoundrel who had betrayed her was arrested, and before the twenty-four hours had sped by, Miss Taylor was back in the home from which this rogue had lured her.

Driving away

Because of police proceedings which were then pending, but have since been completed, we could not relate in our last issue what had been achieved regarding this young woman.

In our original disclosure we told how Miss Taylor had disappeared from her home more than fourteen months before, and the appalling ordeal which her parents had since endured.

Nowhere was a trace of her to be found.

When Miss Taylor, who was then twenty, disappeared, she went by motor-car to Ipswich in the company of a man named Ernest Frederick Rivett.

This well-dressed, pleasant-mannered individual had been lodging with her parents for a few days and had posed as a person of some means.

Until we were able to make the reunion, that was the last Mr. and Mrs. Taylor saw of their daughter and Rivett, and not once did they hear from or about either of them.

National and local newspapers were appealed to by the heartbroken parents, and they published photographs and descriptions of the missing young woman. The police of almost every town and county were enjoined to take up the search.

Press and police were baffled at the end of enquiries extending over a year. Then Mrs. Taylor wrote to JOHN BULL to elicit its help.

A blurred trail

She had delayed so long in taking this course, and Rivett had so obviously obscured his tracks with cunning during those fourteen months, that she could not but have felt that her appeal was too late.

Her letter was, however, an inspiration to effort.

In a few days, with the aid of a photograph of Rivett which came into our possession, our Investigation Department built up an accurate history of this man.

We laid bare facts about him which no one had suspected.

His record was ugly, and, in a catalogue of aliases we were able to trace he had served many prison sentences for most despicable frauds.

In addition, he had deceived woman after woman with the pretence that he was a single man of worth, robbed them, and cruelly abandoned each as soon as he sighted a fresh victim.

Rivett—if that is his name—had, we also found, deceived another young girl in almost identical circumstances previously; and there was a warrant in existence for his arrest in connection with the arrears of maintenance of a child under an order made against him at Thetford, Norfolk.

How was Miss Taylor found?

We have to thank Mr. George Henry Tinn, of 24, Holly Avenue, Wellfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for some clever detective work which ended in the arrest of Rivett and the return of the duped woman.

This reader recognised the man and woman as the result of reading our report of the case. They came to his house, and Rivett tuned the piano.

Later Mr. Tinn got in touch with the police and with our Investigation Department.

Working in close co-operation with this office, he traced the girl to Cullercoats, near Whitley Bay, where he spoke to her.

She told him that Rivett had treated her well and was going to marry her as soon as he had proof that his wife was dead.

Actually, Rivett was given two months in prison for non-payment of arrears under an affiliation-order granted to the other unfortunate girl he had ruined at Thetford.

Eventually, Althea Taylor was restored to her parents, free from the influence of a man with a criminal record, and Mr. Tinn thoroughly deserves the warm thanks of her parents and our own hearty congratulations for his invaluable assistance.

Gratitude

Mr. Tinn and other readers who assisted so enthusiastically in bringing about this happy conclusion will wish no better thanks than are contained in a letter we have received from Mrs. Taylor.

It is brimful of emotion and gratitude. We give only the following parts:

"Thanks for JOHN BULL and the good work it has done. . . . My heart is lighter and I am happy—thanks to all who have given help to me in my trouble. . . . Send your troubles to JOHN BULL at once after this. All Leiston is pleased to hear the good news. Thanks to all."

For ourselves, we are happy to have served once more on behalf of the deluded and unfortunate.

A BLUFFER CHANGES HIS TACTICS

ONE of the most impudent impostors and daring crooks ever exposed by JOHN BULL is the man of many names and ideas who figured in disclosures made in our issue of February 7.

We then described how Johannes Lourens, a South African, had successfully posed as various well-known people, and had used famous names in order to cash bad cheques, swindle hotels, and generally live a life of luxury at the expense of the credulous.

The publicity then given had the effect of keeping him quiet for a time, but now we find that he is at the old game with pronounced success.

Handles to his name

He is now posing as Sir Lyndhurst Shepherd, Sir Frank Moreley and Sir Arthur Warncliffe, and wherever he goes he says he is staying at the Savoy Hotel, London.

According to his story, he has a suite of rooms there until he is able to fix up a residence of his own.

When he operates in the provinces, he declares that he is in the town only for a few days in order to inspect some property.

Coupled with the impudent use of a name and title to which he has no right, he adds that he is a director of the British and Argentine Meat Company, just home from abroad.

A new line

On other occasions he is a retired railway director lately back from South Africa.

His old trick of posing as a man who wishes to negotiate for the purchase of a house at a price of three to four thousand pounds is still working well, and many are the loans he has raised with agents so keen on business as to be easily gulled into parting with their money.

Probably the recent publicity warned him to change his tactics. Now he has a new line. He represents to his dupes that he is dealing on a large scale in Irish Derby Sweepstake tickets.

He is touring England, staying always at the best hotels, and selling tickets in books.

They are stolen tickets, procured from an active gang now specialising in getting hold of large quantities.

A day or two in each town is long enough for Lourens to get big money, and in many cases he has impressed people sufficiently to induce them to part with the money before getting the tickets.

In those cases they have not even had the doubtful satisfaction of getting useless tickets for their money.

During the past few weeks he has also passed several forged cheques, the forms being taken from books he has stolen from hotels.

At places where this man has stayed guests have had their rooms ransacked, and apart from cheque-books he has got away with other valuable property.

Terrible catalogue

Known also as George Douglas, Lourens is one of the most wanted men in the country. There are over fifty distinct charges against him, including fraud, forgery and false pretences.

These have accumulated since last July, and his arrest and conviction are long overdue.

Taking BRITAIN to TEA

The huge E. and S. Joint Co-operative Tea Palace in Leman Street, London —the largest tea warehouse in the world.

Mr. G. Hayhurst, J.P., Chairman of this mighty organisation, whose name is a household word.

FILLING THE NATION'S TEAPOT

THERE is a romance in Britain's teapot; a graphic story centred around that subtle, strangely fascinating liquid which has become the Briton's balm.

Tea—there are monuments to its greatness: they are the vast warehouses of a famous society. Last month, the mightiest of these was opened in the presence of the Prime Minister by the English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society at Leman Street, London, E.1.

This, the world's largest tea warehouse, marks an epoch in the phenomenal progress of the society. From its humble conception, through its stirring pioneer days and on until now, the spirit of the movement has carried all before it.

. . . . . .

In the latter half of the nineteenth century, when steamers had almost ousted the gallant racing tea-clippers, two men and four boys founded the Tea Department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. In 1882 business was begun at Hooper Square, off Leman Street, London, E.1.

The enterprise developed and attained to success so rapidly that in 1896 fifteen hundred Co-operators witnessed the opening ceremony of the first "tea palace"—the Society's new tea-blending and packing warehouse in Leman Street.

The Prince of Wales paid a visit to this warehouse in 1924—and carried away with him a casket filled with the finest leaf from the Society's own tea gardens.

In December last came the opening of another "tea palace" in Ordsall Lane, Salford, on the Manchester Ship Canal.

And now — most significant tribute of all to the memory of those great pioneers—the new wonder-building of Leman Street.

"I'd rather give up tobacco than go without tea," said a man across the restaurant table.

He set down the emptied first cup that had brought a sparkle to his eyes—"and so would most people."

It's true. This tea habit has got into a nation's blood.

. . . . . .

In India and Ceylon the English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society owns thousands of acres of tea plantations.

The tea harvest is perpetual; plucking goes on continually and the green leaves undergo five processes—withering, rolling, fermenting, "firing" and sorting, before they are graded and packed for shipment to the blending warehouses in this country.

Chests in their thousands are carried by the Society's own vessels to the "tea palaces." Here, together with the additional quantities purchased by the Society, the raw material passes through the throbbing machinery which produces the finest blends of tea in the world.

The processes of milling and blending are complicated and exhaustive—and everywhere is the critical taster, whose sensitive, fastidious palate detects the slightest inconsistency.

There is an automatic dust-destructor; all the devices of the modern inventor are handled intelligently by skilled labour. The monster machines which pack the brands are a revelation in themselves. With an uncanny accuracy they fold and fill, fold again, label and secure the packets and deliver them to the waiting girls at a rate of 24,000 a day per machine! Highly organised distributing facilities keep the Societies' shops well stocked; keep the housewife's caddy full.

. . . . . .

Eighty-five-year-old Mrs. Tompkins had invited four cronies for a dish of tea—she still called it that—in celebration of the passing of another milestone.

They sat around an intimate table and sipped and gossiped comfortably until——

"What would have happened to you, Mary, if tea had never been discovered?"—a bombshell from mild Miss Benson.

Four cups descended, tinkling, into four saucers; four expressions became aghast.

"My *dear*!" Then. "I'd have succumbed to melancholy—at an early age—!"

. . . . . .

Against the 27,000,000 lb. of Co-operative Tea sold in the Year 1913, the newly completed Tea warehouse at Leman Street will produce the colossal output of no less than 1,700,000 lb. *per week*!

Mr. W. B. Price, who celebrates a quarter of a century's service as Manager of the E. & S. C.W.S. tea business.

Mr. J. M. Knight, master of tea finance, is Secretary of the E. & S. C.W.S. tea organisation.

"Your flag flies on every sea," said the Prime Minister last month, "your warehouses are erected in every land—your customers, your patrons, and your devoted followers are in practically every household in this country. You are an international organisation.

"The name of the English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Movement is known from the rising sun to the setting sun."

. . . . . .

He referred to the English and Scottish Joint Co-operative Wholesale Society as the instigators of the *"Full weight without wrapper"* campaign (now statutory), a reform directly beneficial to, and ensuring maximum value for, the consumer.

. . . . . .

Yes, there's romance in Britain's teapot. And there's cold, crisp, common-sense, too. For to-day over 9,000,000 people in this country buy the packet with the E. and S. Co-operative Wholesale Society's label—one-fifth of a nation of tea-drinkers!

The Co-operative Societies are responsible for one-fifth of the entire consumption of Tea in the U.K.!

The finest leaf from the world's most famous plantations is blended into the famous and enormously popular Co-operative Teas, and here it is measured and packed with incredible speed and dexterity by wonderfully ingenious machines, and despatched fresh, fragrant and secure to Co-operative Societies throughout the country. *Service*, as well as quality, plays an enormous part in Co-operative progress.

E&S C·W·S TEA

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES

Drink it Always

Terrible AMBULANCE Blunder

Nineteen-year-old Thomas McCarthy. The map shows you how his life was frittered away on those tragic journeys

RED tape is responsible for more deaths every year than are caused by manslaughter.

From almost every county of Britain reports come to JOHN BULL with tragic regularity of people seized with illness or disabled by accident who die in consequence of foolish and inhuman local regulations.

They are rushed to the nearest hospital for urgent treatment, but the institution closes its doors against them.

Although it is the nearest place of succour, admission is refused because it is in a different parish from that in which the sufferer became ill or met with mishap.

* * *

So the victims of these brutal rules, whose lives might be saved by immediate attention, have to be transported hither and thither until, too often, human service is of no avail.

A more terrible case of the kind than the following is scarcely conceivable.

The other week, at 5.30 on a Sunday morning, Mr. Thomas J. McCarthy, a nineteen-year-old electrical engineer, of Handforth Road, Brixton, was travelling pillion on a motor-cycle from London to the Isle of Wight.

At Bedfont, Middlesex, the machine came into collision with a motor-van. The driver of the cycle escaped with trivial injuries, but McCarthy fell on his head and lay unconscious.

He was taken in an ambulance to Hounslow Hospital, not far from the scene of the accident, but was not admitted.

It is now explained that there was not a vacant bed. In any case, the resident surgeon was away, and the *locum tenens*—a woman doctor—ordered him to be taken elsewhere.

She apparently believed that McCarthy was only stunned, and informed his companion that, if such was the case, he would be so far recovered in a couple of hours as to be able to go home.

* * *

Where was the injured man to be taken next?

Anyone with a knowledge of the district would have said to the West Middlesex Hospital at Brentford, an excellently-equipped institution only a few miles distant.

But the police, decided otherwise. Brentford, they pointed out, was in another local government area, and the unconscious man would have to be removed to Staines, although it was three times as far away in the opposite direction.

To Staines, therefore, in accordance with regulations, McCarthy was carried. And there he was placed, not in an ordinary hospital, but in a ward of the poor-law infirmary!

The staff of the infirmary were obviously astonished that they should have to accept a casualty of the kind.

When McCarthy's parents arrived they were told by the staff that they were amazed that a person in their son's condition should have been taken such a distance to an institution which did not possess an operating theatre, X-ray equipment, or other adequate surgical apparatus.

Even anæsthetics, it was stated, were not available there.

For two days McCarthy lay in the infirmary without recovering consciousness for a moment, and being treated for concussion.

Then the infirmary officials decided that he must be removed elsewhere, regulations notwithstanding.

Once more the poor, helpless man was placed on a stretcher for another journey.

This time he was taken back along the road by which he had been brought and then farther on to Brentford—nearly eleven miles in all.

There the surgeons were dismayed when they examined him. It was much too late. He should have been brought there first.

McCarthy was dying not from stunning or concussion, but from a fracture of the skull and inter-cranial hæmorrhage.

* * *

All that surgery could do after such appalling delay and unnecessary movement was done in the operating-theatre.

McCarthy's parents were warned, however, that there was then not one chance in a thousand of saving their son.

He died, still unconscious.

Human life is still more sacred than the strict observance of regulations, and the death of Thomas McCarthy must surely convince the Minister of Health that it is so.

The 8/- A-WEEK Slave

IN the huge army of the workless there are thousands who have ceased to draw the "dole" owing to the length of time they have been out of work.

These unhappy men obtain relief from the Public Assistance Committee, in return for which they must perform some task—a fair enough arrangement on the face of it.

That it is not always so is illustrated by the case of Fred Webb, of Wyndham Road, Tower Hamlets, Dover. He is an ex-Navy man, disabled by malaria, but without a disability pension.

His small service-pension of 6½d. a day is paid once a quarter, and serves to provide coal. His son pays £1 a week for board and lodging.

Webb has had to work hard at the local refuse-tip for thirty-six hours a week. For that he received 10s. 6d. in cash and a like amount in kind.

Thirty-six hours a week for a guinea is poor enough, but the authorities found out that Webb has a "pension." Accordingly they reduced his already niggardly reward to 8s. in cash and 8s. in kind.

He still has to work the same number of hours on a task which cannot improve the health of a man already riddled with fever.

He is a married man, and the first thing that happens to his 8s. is the subtraction of 7s. 6d. for rent.

To use his own words, he is being reduced to the level of a coolie or semi-slave labourer. We think that a coolie is more lucky than Webb, who has been used to better days and better treatment.

In order that his father need not go to work barefooted, the son bought a pair of boots for him, and paid for them by instalments.

In addition, Webb is ruining his clothes because of the filthy task at which he has to toil.

* * *

If this scandalously cheap labour was not available, the Corporation of Dover would have to engage men at the current rate of wage.

As things are, the unfortunates are unable to protest. If they did they would be faced with a term in prison for refusing to perform their allotted task.

By all means make the unemployed work for what they get. They welcome this chance to maintain their self-respect.

It is imperative, however, that the measure of reward should balance with the work the men do.

Webb's case is one of thousands, and Dover is not alone in being the home of a brutal and vicious slavery.

NURSE'S EPIDEMIC OF LIES

A REFINED manner, a plausible tongue, and an appearance of elderly gentility are assets now being exploited by a woman calling herself "Nurse Soaire."

This woman, who is about sixty years of age, has been carrying out a stream of cheque frauds and getting extensive credit in Ipswich.

A fortnight ago she entered a shop and announced herself as a trained nurse attending the wife of a Suffolk rector.

She talked glibly of the rector's movements, and had plainly prepared the ground by finding out all she could about his habits.

This woman had a neat card describing her as a professional nurse and a specialist in massage. Actually, the rector knew nothing of her, and his wife was in good health.

Before this came out, the woman had obtained various expensive articles for which she gave a cheque on a London bank. It came back dishonoured, but the woman had vanished.

This bogus nurse is practising her swindle all over the country, and at the same time dishonouring a noble calling.

Instead of being a healing angel, she is spreading an epidemic of lies and bad cheques. She has a prison record, and her many names include Nurse Soar, Nurse Adams, Nurse O'Riley, and Nurse Patience.

Watch for the visiting-card and the tale of nursing the wife or daughter of some distinguished person in the district. Then detain Nurse Patience until you get a policeman.

Free-wheel Charity

MISS NITA ROSSLYN is at present touring 8,000 miles on a bicycle for a bet of £1,000. So she says.

Why anyone should have been foolish enough to wager her this extraordinary sum for such a simple achievement is difficult to understand.

Hundreds of thousands of people would be eager to pedal about the country at the princely rate of half-a-crown a mile.

And there is no real hurry about Nita's tour awheel. She stops in the cities and towns not only for rest and refreshment, but to appeal to the public for money to benefit slum children.

In Glasgow a few days ago Miss Rosslyn, while taking collections, was challenged twice about her credentials regarding the charity effort.

She referred the enquirers to the Lord Mayors of Manchester and Leeds. Neither of these gentlemen know anything about her.

We would be glad if Rita would tell us who she is, with whom she is betting, and where the accounts of her unnamed charity can be found.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

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SPECKLED GREY TROUSERS

at practically cost price. *Post on 1 or 2 pairs 9d., or C.O.D.* Cut from hard wearing whipcord (pepper and salt pattern),

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AS TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Send for a pair now, and if not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- for your disappointment. Send to-day, as this opportunity may not recur. State size (32in. to 42in. waist), 42in. to 48in. 1/- extra.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford.

AUTOMATIC
STROPPING MACHINE

MODEL "A" FOR GILLETTE TYPE.
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Accurately sharpens both edges at once. Simple, quick, perfect action. Highly nickel plated, fitted best leather strop. Saves you pounds and quickly pays for itself, as one blade definitely lasts for months, giving far easier shaves. No skill required. As sold at 7/6.

BARGAIN PRICE 2/- (post 4d.)

Tube of best Razor Paste for use on strop 6d. extra.

PENN'S HIGH-GRADE GILLETTE TYPE BLADES. 1- per PACKET of 10.

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SEND A CARD TO-DAY for the most handsome Art List of Guaranteed Cycles you ever saw. Superb Mounts for everybody at AMAZING PRICES, all offered on the most GENEROUS TERMS you ever heard. 14 DAYS' RIDING TRIAL with every Cycle. LOWER Payments, BIGGER VALUES than I have ever offered. **DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY** to accept amazing offers that will make this Whitsun the holiday of your life. My list is FREE. Send a card at once.

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RUPTURE
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THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFICIENT ON THE MARKET. Approved Societies allow the whole amount. Write NOW,

CLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. (Department 128A), 7, Oxford St., London, W1

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Use it FREE Service.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in JOHN BULL'S "Shop Window."

JOHN BULL is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written.

A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free!

Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," 97, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Offered at the Keenest Bargain Price on Deferred Payments. 5/- now, & 12 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied after delivery.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Covered with leather cloth, Nickel plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10in Turntable, splendid Sound Box. Pocket for Records in lid. Complete **£3/10**

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5/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

SARTOR'S STAGGERING OFFER

Stands 2ft. 6in. high by 2ft. 6in. long. A Really Useful Article.

Solid Oak 20/- 2-Drawer Chest

Solid Oak two-drawer Chest. Well made and finished with drop handles on drawers. Left in natural white wood so that it can be stained or painted any colour to match other furniture, and can be used in any room. Can be seen at our LONDON SHOWROOMS. SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY. You will be astonished at the value offered! Carriage paid. **20/-**

This Oak Chest is only ONE of the hundreds of Bargains taken at random from The New SARTOR "GOLDEN" CLUB Catalogue. Send to-day to Dept. 3, or call for a Copy. It will show you HOW TO EARN GOOD MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME, and obtain your requirements on Easy Terms. CATALOGUE FREE.

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DON'T SUFFER FROM
CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Remarkable Results of New Blood Treatment!

Here is still more Proof!

Free From Torturing Piles After 30 Years' Suffering.

The supply of Elasto recently used by me has proved to be the best of all the remedies I have tried. It gets to the spot in twenty-four hours; the free sample alone had that effect, but the larger quantity had a wonderful result.

For nearly thirty years I have had piles in their most painful, complicated and inconvenient form, and despaired of ever being free from the attendant suffering and depression. Then Elasto came to my aid and cured me.

I am sending this letter as a message of hope to other sufferers.

(Signed) A. W. JONES,
76, Patshull Road, Kentish Town, N.W.5.

Now Free from Pain After 30 years of Agony.

Having suffered from varicose veins for thirty years I cannot tell you how grateful I am for Elasto. I was in such terrible pain I had had no rest for about three weeks when I decided to give Elasto a trial. My husband and friends soon saw a difference in me and I persevered with the treatment. Now I do not wear bandages, I do not feel any pain and can walk as well as ever I did. Should you think this letter would encourage other sufferers I would like you to use it as I feel so grateful for what Elasto has done for me. (Signed) Mrs. ELLIOTT,
53, Western Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Had to Give up Work.

Owing to an ulcer in the tread of my foot, I suffered great pain and agony in walking or standing. I had to give up my work and earned nothing for two years. I tried everything that was suggested, and spent pounds, without result. Then I saw Elasto advertised to cure through the blood (quite a new thing to me). I tried it, and persevered with it, with the result that I am now cured, and able to work again. My advice to any sufferer is "give Elasto a trial, I am sure it will cure you."

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) A. S. BOWDEN.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What Is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

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Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

WHAT Fools WE ARE!

The grain-elevators of the earth are overflowing; the surplus is destroyed. And here a man faints from hunger in a New York breadline

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE other day I travelled up to town with a member of the biggest firm operating on the Baltic Exchange, the place where wheat is bought and sold. I asked him if he could explain the present price of bread, and if he could explain in particular why the bakers had recently found it necessary to increase the price of bread.

"There is no explanation at all," he said "Wheat is cheaper than it has been since 1913, and the whole thing is an outrageous ramp. The millers and the bakers must be making fortunes.

"No one knows better than we do the price at which wheat has to be sold owing to the tremendous surplus all over the world: and I can assure you that it is becoming almost impossible to sell it at all.

"So if we are not making the money, who is? Who is there left except the miller and the baker? I can't think what the Food Council is doing to allow such a swindle to continue."

In face of such remarks from a real authority, one can, perhaps, read into Mr. Winston Churchill's remark that "we are suffering from a surfeit of plenty" a meaning that he himself hardly intended.

Paradox of plenty

We are indeed suffering from it; for it never seems to occur to anyone that when there is plenty of everything that is precisely the time when everyone should be enabled to have enough.

The only result of plenty seems to be that those who have never had enough have still less.

We have, in fact, so failed to organise on a rational basis the overflowing wealth that the earth produces that we supinely allow a small group of people to destroy that wealth rather than let it relieve the necessities of the impoverished.

A little over three years ago, a number of powerful banking groups in New York entered into negotiations with a Cuban sugar trust to restrict the growth of sugar by forming a combine.

There was too much sugar in the world. They did not mean that everyone had all the sugar he could consume. What they meant was that sugar was getting so plentiful that prices were falling and the chances of fat dividends were becoming slim.

So they planned to hold out of the market huge stocks of sugar which would only be unloaded on the public when prices had once more risen to a respectable figure.

It was a matter of some importance to us, because out of the two million odd tons of sugar that we were then importing by far the larger proportion came from Cuba.

A plot—admitted!

The plot hung fire for a time because the sugar-growers were a little alarmed at the huge financial backing necessary to control the world's output of 25,000,000 tons of raw sugar, worth at least £300,000,000 — which control would have had to be obtained if the plot were to succeed.

That it would have succeeded is beyond doubt—only a trade organ of the sugar-growers let the cat out of the bag. It admitted that there was a plot afoot to cut down production and raise prices.

"Reduced prices," it said, "generally mean curtailed production in some sugar-producing country, Cuba for instance, and the curtailed production generally means a year or two of good prices."

That was at least candid: and Mr. Ogilvie, president of the Cuba Sugar Cane Corporation, was even franker. "Higher prices are needed," he said, "in order to enable the Cuba Sugar Cane Corporation to pay dividends on its preferred stock."

Whatever happens, no matter who suffers, profits must be increased and dividends must be maintained. You can call it what you like. I call it economic lunacy.

I came across a list of things like this the other day which made me wonder whether I was living in a sane world or in a madhouse.

In Brazil, 4,000,000 coffee-bushes have been destroyed in order to limit the crop to 15,000,000 sacks. It is, in fact, quite the usual thing for more coffee to be destroyed than ever finds its way to the consumer.

The Brazil Coffee Culture Institute, for example, has just decided that coffee must be used for fertilising. Sixty thousand sacks are to be used for this purpose immediately.

Think of that next time you buy a pound of coffee and wonder why the price never seems to go down.

In Germany huge quantities of sugar are deliberately thrown away in order to ensure that what is left shall fetch adequately high prices.

It is a fact that the Dutch East Indies Trading Company had hundreds of tons of spice destroyed in order to keep up the price.

Madmen amok

Both the United States and Egypt have burnt cotton crops for the same reason. Yet would anyone but a lunatic contend that everyone has so much cheap clothing that there is no need for any more?

There are many more instances of this lunatic way of dealing with the riches that the world is capable of producing and which it is producing in ever-increasing quantities.

In France, it is a common practice to throw away large quantities of wine to avoid the necessity of purchasing new containers.

In Canada they are contemplating turning whole regions covered at present with winter wheat into grazing-grounds for cattle. You see, there is too much wheat in the world.

That does not mean that everyone now has as much bread as he can eat. Not at all; it simply means that certain people cannot make all the money they would like to make.

So the growing of wheat is going to be restricted until prices have once again risen to a satisfactory level.

Then, I suppose, we shall hear a lot about the law of supply and demand, and be told how wonderful it all is and how it has righted itself again.

Mr. Churchill is wrong. We are not suffering from a surfeit of plenty. We are suffering from a lack of knowledge of how to use the plenty that the world is producing.

Nature provides all and more than all we want. It is man, not Nature, that prevents us getting it.

It is easy enough—suspiciously easy—to talk about "over-production." It is quite simple to suggest as a remedy that we should dig less coal, grow less wheat or produce less oil.

But it is a little difficult to see how that is going to give more bread to those who have not got enough or how it is going to make coal so cheap that no one need be without a good fire.

I think it is rather silly to say that the world is suffering from over-production. What millions of people in the world are suffering from is under-consumption. How can there ever be over-production until all the people have all they require of everything?

What is the remedy?

I think we are most of us coming to think that it is time the Government took a hand in controlling some of the vital necessities of life.

Nationalise food

We long ago recognised that we could not afford to leave the water-supply in private hands. We long ago prevented private individuals claiming to own the roads.

We are now busy taking transport out of the control of irresponsible groups and trying to co-ordinate it as a national necessity should be co-ordinated.

Why should we leave vital foodstuffs to chance and the tender mercies of the speculators, the brokers and the gamblers?

Who would worry if we did the job properly? Only the profiteers, I think, and I do not see why we should shed any tears over them.

The Human Machine

The Endless Fight

"LIFE isn't fair," said one of the characters in a play that had a long run in London. "Life isn't fair—it just goes on."

I don't suppose there is anyone who hasn't felt something like that at times. By far the most deadly thing about life is apt to be the daily wear and tear of living. Whatever we do, whatever we try to do, life goes on. We've got to go on living.

It's rather a tragedy for those who aren't going anywhere in particular, who aren't aiming at anything special.

It is very easy to get discouraged by repeated failures. It is easy to become embittered by repeated rebuffs and to cease to care. It is easy to sit down and ask hopelessly, "What's the use?"

But when you have asked it, you've still got to go on living—and you might just as well realise that if life goes on, it goes on to give you another chance. What you couldn't do to-day you may very well accomplish to-morrow. In any case you'll start off to-morrow with an added day's experience behind you to help you over the stile.

"The pessimist," said someone, "sees a difficulty in every opportunity, while the optimist sees an opportunity in every difficulty." It is doubtful if any optimist ever sat down and wailed "What's the use?" Only pessimists do that.

And the mistake the pessimist makes is in thinking that life can be lived without effort. The spice of life is the zest that comes of fighting a good fight and overcoming whatever obstacles interpose themselves between us and the goal we have set out to reach.

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Without Fear or Favour

ROUSE CONFESSION: Startling New Facts

THREE main figures in a queer drama—Rouse, his wife, and (left) Miss Helen Campbell. JOHN BULL has forwarded to the Home Secretary vital information on the confession alleged to have been made by Rouse

IN this country we are rightly proud that every man is given a fair trial. And, more than that, it is part of our British character never to hit a man when he is down.

The convicted prisoner must not be unfairly pilloried. And even the condemned murderer is entitled to fair play.

In the case of Arthur Rouse, sentenced for his heartless murder of the unknown man in the blazing car, we feel that injustice was done to him while he lay in the condemned cell powerless to defend himself.

Certain facts have just come into our possession from a person who was evidently in a position to have first-hand knowledge of all the circumstances.

This statement contains startling new facts about the alleged confession, and throws such grave doubts on its authenticity, that we have sent it, in the public interest, to the Home Secretary.

This will enable the Minister to investigate the matter fully.

Cruel suspicion

BEYOND doubt there has been of recent years an ignoble traffic in sensational stories of men in the shadow of the scaffold.

This is a traffic which must cease.

Following his conviction, the story was suddenly spread abroad that Arthur Rouse had confessed.

One story actually went so far as to give what purported to be a long and a categorical confession in Rouse's own words.

Yet how was it humanly possible for him ever to have had the opportunity to dictate it, or even scrawl it out, whilst constantly under observation in jail?

The effect of these various stories was to place suspicion immediately upon the heads of all the prison and police officials who had come into contact with Rouse since his arrest.

Had secret facilities been given to Rouse to pen something that was illegal, and, if so, by whom?

Who, if the story of a confession was true, had smuggled it out of Bedford Jail?

So the Home Secretary was consulted and a thorough investigation of all the alleged facts was made at the jail.

As the result, Mr. Clynes declared he was satisfied that no confession was passed out of the prison by any official, and that it was most unlikely that any such document had been passed out in any other way.

Our informant

THERE, for the moment, the matter ended—in the air. But, in the light of the fresh information which has just come into our possession, it is imperative to scrutinise one or two facts very minutely.

Rouse was hanged on Tuesday, March 10. The first stories that he had confessed began to gain ground two days before.

Mrs. Rouse and Miss Helen Campbell — the latter is the mother of one of Rouse's children—were constant visitors to the prison, and would naturally know, enjoying as they both did his complete confidence, if he had ever confessed to them.

Miss Helen Campbell, whom we have interviewed fully on certain facts contained in the grave statement made to us voluntarily by our informant, visited Mrs. Rouse a few hours after the first stories of the alleged confession became known.

When she encountered Mrs. Rouse, Miss Campbell was so distressed over the alleged confession that she was on the verge of hysteria.

Mrs. Rouse then declared to Helen Campbell on that Sunday afternoon at the Bedford house where Mrs. Rouse was staying *that Rouse had not confessed.*

Again, in the evening, Mrs. Rouse affirmed that her husband was innocent of the crime and had never breathed the slightest suggestion of a confession to her.

On the day before, during a visit by Miss Campbell to the condemned cell, Rouse replied to a question as to his guilt:

"Helen, I have told you the whole truth. . . . I never did this terrible thing."

Five who know

ON the eve of the execution, at seven o'clock, Mrs. Rouse went to see her husband for the last time.

So did Helen Campbell.

Rouse sat in the condemned cell, before a glass partition, on a high stool. A warder stood at each side—a matter of only a few inches away. Mrs. Rouse sat on a stool at the other side of the partition, in the waiting-room adjoining the condemned cell, with a third warder behind her.

Every word that passed between them could be heard by these three men.

In the middle of this parting ten-minutes' interview Helen Campbell was taken in and Mrs. Rouse came out.

"You are fighting for an innocent man," Rouse said. "I am not guilty."

Then she was led away. So, too, a few moments later was Mrs. Rouse.

The next day, and later, she was still denying that her husband had made any confession.

Now, as all the prison interviews were carried out in the manner described above, with three warders always at hand, it is a matter for the fullest enquiry as to how this alleged confession was made.

What is the explanation of the fact that Mrs. Rouse finally changed her whole story and agreed that her husband had told her that he was guilty?

This means that all the statements previously attributed to her were untrue, for in her final story she declared that her husband had admitted his guilt even before he went to the Court of Criminal Appeal!

Clear the air

WHEN, where and how did he confess? That is what the public is entitled to know.

The listening warders say that he never confessed. His legal advisers say so, too. So does the Home Secretary.

Another fact is that the last letter to Mrs. Rouse from her husband did not mention one word of confession.

We cannot take the subject further in these columns at the moment.

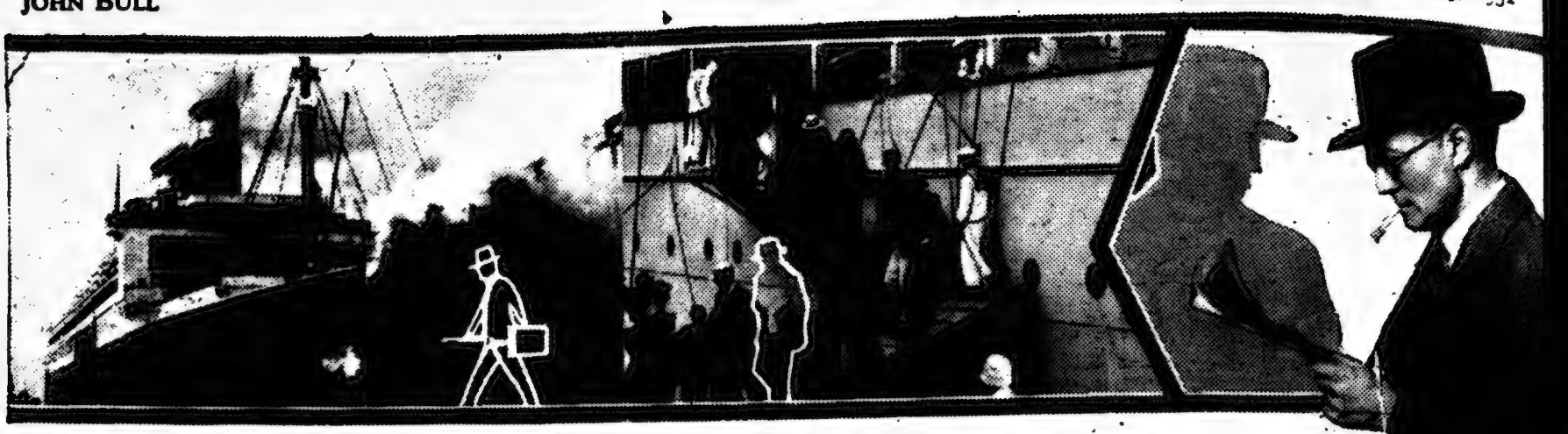
But we venture to suggest to the Home Secretary a course which will close a sordid chapter and set the public mind at rest:

It is that the Minister should for once break the rule, which lays it down that no statement shall be issued as to whether or not a condemned person has made a confession to the chaplain of the prison before the execution.

This rule has occasionally been broken, as for instance in the case of Allaway, the Bournemouth murderer, where public opinion has been so intense as to demand the publication of the fact.

We urge that this is eminently an instance in which an official statement should be made—further than the one that no confession was smuggled out of jail.

We hope that the facts which we have placed before the Home Secretary will assist in preventing any further traffic in stories about men under the shadow of the scaffold who have no means of protecting themselves.



The dyed-in-the-wool "con." man shadows his victim-to-be from the New York quayside, through an ocean's voyage to the shores of Britain. He is quietly in evidence during the rail journey to a London hotel and . . .

I AM going to risk limb, and possibly life, by exposing in JOHN BULL the most dastardly ramp in this country to-day.

You may have heard it called the "confidence trick," but the application is mild to the point of ridicule. For, actually, it is crime, blackmail, deception and cunning brought to a fine art. They would take off their hats to it in the gang speakeasies of Chicago.

I know; I have been in the game myself. I have made and lost a fortune out of it. Have been to jail for it.

"Stack Johnstone" is not my name. A man twenty times as brave as I am would not divulge that. For I am "squeaking." I am breaking the "con man's" code. Were my identity revealed, I should be, what they call in the States, "on the spot."

I am going to forget the £30,000 I have made myself as a "con man" and tell you about those who have made millions.

They are re-arriving in this country as I write, for the winter is their "close season" and the merry-for-them month of May signals the resumption of their war against society.

Doomed dupes

Before there is an "r" in the month they will have netted a cool £200,000. It may be more. It would be a bad season if it were less.

The "suckers," as we call them, are on their way. They will soon be pouring into Britain from the four quarters of the world.

Rich men, clever men, men who can boast astuteness that never lost them a deal. "Men of the world" whose pride it is that they know a thing or two.

Yet some of them are just lambs going to the slaughter. There are at this moment 150 "con men" who can fleece them with an ease which would be laughable if it were not so damnable.

They are the cream of their profession, and we call them "steerers." They would sneer at a £100 job and refer contemptuously to less audacious "con men" as mere "petty-cash" fellows.

Men without a country they call home, they tour the world with the ease of a shilling-all-the-way tram ride. But Britain is their pet hunting-ground. The wealthy of the world come here sooner or later, and where the wealth is there are the "steerers."

Of this sinister regiment of 150, over a hundred are Australians. I learnt the game myself "down under," where I was born thirty-two years ago.

Only about seventeen of them are English, nine or ten Irish, and four or five Scottish.

Most of them are young. The average age is something like thirty-two. Few of them are married, for the penalty of their profession is that they cannot settle down.

The few that are settled can be found among the "cover" men who cloak their evil operations by engaging in another but harmless occupation.

I happen to know "cover" men in this country whose boys are at famous public schools and think their dads to be the acme of honesty.

On our doorstep

Most of the others favour the "companionate" marriage. Their women see the last of them when they take to their heels—usually quite leisurely—for pastures new.

But where, you ask, do they operate in law-abiding Britain—these money-vampires? I will tell you.

Right under your nose. Right under the noses of a perplexed and often helpless police. Right under the noses of victims who are defeated by their wiles even though they have been warned of their danger.

by "STACK JOHNSTONE"

At the National Gallery, in the leading museums, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, at the changing of the Guard, at the Palace under the windows of the King himself.

Whitehall and Southampton Row, the fashionable streets of the West End, shipping offices, Thomas Cooks' in Berkeley Street, the American Express in the Haymarket.

And they hover like greedy vultures in the vicinity of the luxury hotels—the Hyde Park, the Langham, the Savoy, the Green Park.

They are found around the Strand Palace and the Regent Palace and keep close watch on the Café Royal, the Monico and Prince's.

And down in the country at the fashionable resorts—at Bournemouth, Torquay, Droitwich, Scarborough. Only last year "Cut Face" Robinson went down for three years' penal servitude for obtaining £2,000 at Bath.

"Cut Face" trips up

It was the first time the police "got the goods" on him, although they knew he had been responsible for countless coups in the past.

"Cut-Face" Robinson, complete with big Daimler car and liveried chauffeur, ensnared a "sucker" with a crafty yarn about wanting to buy his house. But "Cut Face" made a mistake. The best "steerers" sometimes do.

Usually, when the "sucker" has been fleeced, the steerer drifts abroad—to Brussels, Berlin, Cannes, Naples, Rome, Nice or Monte Carlo—returning at his convenience. I have proof that "suckers" part with an easy average of £200,000 during the May-September season over here every year.

Arrests and convictions are few, because the victims are reluctant to prosecute. Rich, prosperous, intelligent men of the world are chary of confessing that they are "suckers." The self-confidence of the "con men" can be overdone; there have been many narrow escapes from arrest.

It is not so long ago that a certain "steerer" was so certain of a safe £20,000 coup that he gave a little farewell dinner-party on the night before the morning he was to collect his ill-gotten gains.

At the last minute, however, the "sucker," a doctor from Sydney, grew suspicious, consulted Scotland Yard, and the "steerer" succeeded in slipping off to France just on the nick of time.

But, as I was saying, the "steerer" is chary of risks. He has his "player," who can hook his fish. He even has a "third man" whose job it is to play detective and warn him if it is risky to take the fish off the hook.

He even has his own obliging and efficient printer. There are occasions galore when his plot entails the production of fake letters on imposing stationery. That's easy.

Jailbird printer

I will take the risk of revealing that much of such printing for use in this country is done in the Brixton district of London, and—isn't it ironic?—by a printer who learnt his job in Maidstone Jail!

I know of a case in which a man was robbed of thousands last year by a clever "con man" who is now hiding on the Riviera. The main bait was a letter written on the notepaper of a big firm in Wall Street, New York, named Stovall, Patten and Ryan.

Stovall, Patten and Ryan are bankers and brokers, and one sight of their notepaper—showing offices in Montreal, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Havana, and so on—is naturally sufficient to snatch at once the confidence of any "sucker."

The letter, written in the friendliest and most confidential terms—addressed and signed as though writer and recipient were relations—dealt at length with the famous Teapot Dome Scandal, and spoke intimately of a man named Sinclair who had been sent to jail.

Another feature of the letter was the convincing manner in which it spoke of huge share deals, investments in famous companies, and of large profits that would be shortly available for certain very fortunate people who were financially interested.

The main part of the letter, however, dealt with some rich oil-bearing land located in the Beaver Basin, Wyoming, which, at one time had been wrongfully seized, but was now legally restored to its rightful owners.

Elaborate mention was made of companies like the Standard Oil, the Dutch-American Corporation, and the Royal Bank of Canada—all of which were anxious to "get in" on this great opportunity of investing in a "certainty."

Brixton, U.S.A.

Well, the sucker fell; the confidence men disappeared; and I am able to reveal that the letter never came from the famous Wall Street concern at all.

The concern's actual notepaper was artfully copied by the little printer in Brixton, and the "con men" who figured in this clever swindle typed the whole epistle in a London flat, basing its contents on real facts.

And, talking of names, they count for nothing in the "con" business. You can change them with your hotel and your country. Heaven alone knows how many times I've changed mine.

Some of the aliases used are "Jimmy Foote," "Scissors O'Day," "Charlie MacCord," "Dick Hughes," "Dicky Rose," "Alf Dean," "Big Brennan," I wonder how many of their mothers would recognise their names if they were arrested and dragged into court.

Among ourselves we use nicknames, such as "Billy the Rat," "Dave the Liar," "Spud Murphy," "Dave the Dude," and so on.

Another side of the picture shows the part that luck plays. Outside Thomas Cook's office in Paris a "sucker" spoke to a "steerer" first. The latter, an experienced and successful man, didn't at all fancy the look of him, and left him.

Disinherited!

The next day, however, they ran into each other again, and more or less idly the steerer started to sound him. The upshot was that the sucker was eventually beaten for £7,000, money which had been recently left to him.

About two years ago a Jamaican banana-planter was picked up in London by an Australian steerer, and he eventually handed over £34,500.

A man was arrested, charged

. . . he makes his first tentative overture at a sight-seeing expedition

The "old friend" trick practised in a hotel lobby

CONFIDENCE MAN'S *Exclusive Revelations*

The figure is "Bludger Bill." By his side are Daniel Melaney and Capt. Biggar. All are well-known "con." men

and remanded several times, but eventually discharged. He produced an unshakable alibi.

The only evidence against him was that he was definitely identified by the victim as being one of the men, and he had some money on him when arrested which was traced as being part of some change which was given for one of the 345 £100 notes which were stolen.

As a fact the leading culprit is in London now, walking about—but what can the police do? The prosecutor is not here.

There is a case now being investigated by the police of an Indian who has lost £1,500 during the last few weeks, but not a word has reached the newspapers, though the police are very active in the matter.

There is one old "con man" I know who has the reputation of never having been properly sober for twenty years. But it is difficult to tell when he is drunk and when he is sober, and he is one of the most successful "con men" at large.

And now I think you'll want to know how it is done, how men with the full use of their faculties can be deceived with the ease of falling off a log. I'll give you just a few examples.

Picture the lounge or bar of a famous hotel. A rich colonial, a man of discretion and ability, is idling away the time. He is a little bored, a little lonely.

A casual remark from an immaculate stranger relieves him. They talk. It transpires that the stranger knows the colonial's country—a good "steer" knows a little of everything.

He tells the "tale." The man from Canada is interested to learn that the "steer," when passing through Montreal, met a famous Canadian judge.

They hob-nob, arrange to spend the next day together. They spend several days together. There is no hurry.

The "pay-off" game

Eventually, dining together one evening, an important-looking man passes their table. The "steer" jumps to his feet. "That," he exclaims, "is the big world financier the judge introduced me to in Montreal. Let's get him over."

The "big financier" is the "player." He appears reluctant to join them, and, when he does, reluctant to talk.

But he mellows over a glass of wine. He confides that he is in London on big business, and accepts an invitation to lunch for the next day.

At lunch he expands further. Newspaper-cuttings with his name in headlines, cables, letters on famous notepaper are flashed about. The Canadian is more than impressed.

He is delighted when the "steerer" suggests to the "player" that he should make a little deal for his new friend—more than ever delighted when his money is quickly doubled.

Several more quick and profitable deals and the inevitable happens. The Canadian decides to plunge on his good luck. He parts with a substantial cheque. So does the "steerer."

And the "deal" fails. "Steerer" and "player" are crestfallen. The rich Canadian, even if convinced that he has been fooled, is ashamed to take action. The "con men" take the next boat.

Yes, that's what happens to one sort of "sucker." They call that one the "pay-off."

You may think it a bit far-fetched, but you must remember that it is a play staged with consummate skill—and there is no hurry. The "pay-off" is for "men from abroad only."

Here's another. They call this the "lay-off" or "tale." It works well with Englishmen and foreigners alike.

Slow, but dead sure

The "steerer" drifts into a famous sea-side or golf resort. He does himself well, lives at the best hotel, works his way into the most exclusive visiting circles in quest of his victim. It may take days and it may take weeks.

The "sucker" once spotted, he works casually. A drink the first day, perhaps; a round of drinks the second; dinner the third.

Finally comes the news that the "steerer" has got to visit a friend of his, a big racing-man, in London. He thinks he could arrange for an invitation for the "sucker."

He does. They arrive at a country house and are met by the "player," whose wife is the ideal hostess.

Racing is talked about, and it appears that the "player" has a big tip. He and the "steerer" arrange an ante-post bet on a race like the Derby running into several thousands of pounds—and think nothing of it.

Quite casually the rich guest is asked whether he would like a little flutter, and, inspired by the lay-out of the "steerer" and the "player," parts with a fat cheque.

The horse may or may not win. It scarcely matters. For the "player" returns on the evening of the race to confide that sudden information reached him that day leading him to invest all the money on another horse—which lost!

The "steerer" bursts into a rage, accuses the "player" of gross breach of trust and appeals for the sympathy of the "sucker."

"Bludger Bill" is here

A "con man" I know—whose aliases are Lawson, Deane and Durley—got away with £10,000 at respectable Torquay. It took seven weeks, but it was worth it.

The victim went to Scotland Yard and was urged to prosecute. His solicitors advised him not to do so—publicity would injure his business.

Now they're all in England again, big and little. I saw William Warren ("Bludger Bill"), one of the world's cutest "con men," driving in a Rolls-Royce through the West End of London only a few days ago.

It's the most dastardly ramp in Britain—this £200,000 a year polite hold-up. But what's going to be done about it? It is quite true that there's a sucker born every day.

The most enjoyable moment of my day is when I draw my armchair to the welcome crackle of a cheery fire and light my Manikin.

Wonderful smokes—Manikins. No others, regardless of price, give me the same satisfaction and I've tried them all. Manikins leave me fresh—that's why I like them—Head as clear as a bell—twice the man I used to be before I made up my mind to smoke for pleasure and not from mere habit.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
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All Tobacconists Sell Manikins.

You can't *possibly* get Wet in the NEW "MATTAMAC" WAS 17/6 (Rain Tested Model) 10 OZ. FEATHERWEIGHT STORMPROOF 21/-
Absolutely waterproof, yet folds into a handful. Again lowered in price; quality and workmanship unchanged—Direct selling saves you still more to-day. 11 Models, 17 Shades, 40 Sizes. Write for Illust'd Booklet B29.
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A MASS of unpaid bills, a banking account that's overdrawn—but he goes on credit-buying.

THE time is shortly coming when we shall have to deal with the professional idlers who have no money and who yet manage by a thousand shifts to live on the fat of the land.

They blatantly describe themselves as having "no occupation," and they laugh at all the legion of debt-collectors.

There are thousands of such people, moving in exclusive circles and living in comfort, with county court and bankruptcy proceedings surrounding them all the time.

Reputations and jobs are lost through county-court summonses, but one class of debt-dodger escapes even the light of publicity.

To the dogs—by 'plane

Among the 80,000 people against whom judgments for sums of £10 and over were recorded during 1930 are men and women who never dream of travelling—by road, rail, sea or air—other than by first class.

An average of 300 men and thirty women of "no occupation" appear for their public examination in bankruptcy every year.

For the past twelve months, liabilities for which figures are available totalled £596,536. Less than one in a hundred pay their debts.

Take the case of a man who headed the directorate of an important company which recently failed.

For months he knew it was going, but he lived in great style in London and at the seaside, kept a car and a racehorse, patronised two expensive restaurants, entertained lavishly, and was a connoisseur of wines and cigars.

The debts of the concern mounted up to thousands of pounds, the brokers were put in and the landlord got possession. Even his bankers were caught to the tune of over £3,000.

The company failed, and the creditors have not had a penny. He goes free; yet last year saw more than 3,500 poor people imprisoned because of debt.

The woman plays

The bearer of a great name, whose liabilities a few months ago exceeded assets by over a quarter of a million, bought a fur coat valued at £1,000 and a motor-car at 2,000 guineas.

He knew he had reached the end of his tether, yet a weekly income of £300 was insufficient for him to meet his creditors.

A well-known woman seldom meets her bills until she is forced to do so, but she is at every social event of any importance.

In London she has an expensive flat, and she can also afford to spend a lot of her time on the Riviera; but a dressmaker has been trying to collect an account of £27 since 1927, a firm of provision-merchants wants £45 4s. 6d. owing since 1928, and there is also an old wine-bill of £14.

Last year 5,560 people failed in business, and in the majority of cases the main factor was bad debts.

We recall the man who started with a legacy of £100, and managed to live for twelve years at the rate of £5,000 a year. He recently secured his discharge from his fifth failure.

His creditors at one time numbered well over two thousand, and on another occasion he paid a dividend of 12½ per cent.

Nice!

The stock-in-trade of the professional debtor is a motor-car and an extensive wardrobe.

Goods are delivered on the assumption that such nice people will certainly pay, but on the run from residence to residence are scores of men and women who take a pride in their ability to keep creditors at bay.

Recently, the National Association of Trade Protection Societies stated that 95 per cent. of the buying public passing through its enquiry section was creditworthy.

Nothing-a-Year Swells

This is a tribute to the honest folk who use hire-purchase, but it does not touch upon the numbers who get goods without the formality of a deposit.

Here is one instance of sheer fraud.

A Maida Vale, London, couple were sued for £75, and, in due course, non-payment resulted in the warning that bailiffs were coming.

The man sent his wife to pay a deposit on a piano priced at £150 with a request for immediate delivery. The piano came and was seized with the other goods.

In the end the firm which owned the instrument had to pay the couple's debts in order to regain possession of it.

In another case, a woman living in the West End sold for cash a suite of furniture which she had obtained by paying a deposit.

When the owners wanted to find her, she had put the Channel between her and the consequences of her fraud.

She had a maid and a motor-car, but her assets in cash were small enough to be called non-existent.

If ordinary people tried this sort of game they would undoubtedly find themselves in the dock.

It means that the good people of rank and position are the objects of commercial suspicion, and it means also that the men and women who pay their way pay extra for those who dodge their responsibilities.

People such as we have described are doing much towards keeping the national bankruptcy figure at £13,000,000 a year.

Over and over again cases of titled and presumably wealthy people who will not pay up appear in the daily Press.

One nobleman has received so many summonses that he treats the appearance of a county-court officer almost as part of his daily life.

He accepts service of the summonses, and gradually pays up when he is literally forced to do so.

There is the recent case of a lady of title who earned some caustic comments from a county-court judge for her habit of promising and failing to keep her word.

The judge also added that the way some people treat shopkeepers is perfectly disgraceful.

C.O.D.-ing the bilker

We do not single out these cases for any other reason than as examples of the way traders are trampled on, both by people who can pay and will not, and by those who obtain goods well knowing that they cannot pay for them.

There are hundreds of cases of both sorts, and indirectly honest buyers have to meet the cost of the others' failings.

Until the law is tightened up, commercial folk will have to take what steps they can to be sure of their money, and "pay on delivery" is the only way.

Honest people will not raise any objection.

How We Can DODGE the DARK ANGEL

"Safety First" in the Ford motor factory. For dangerous work a dual-control provision keeps the worker's two hands busy and thus out of danger

THERE is an invisible ray device now being used to prevent thieves from stealing treasures exhibited to the public.

When the thief steps witnin the zone of this ray an alarm rings. It may even react on him so that it holds him away.

The same device is used for burglar-alarms in banks and great jewel-stores. There is an imperfect instrument called the death ray; but this is a life ray.

Why should it not be applied to prevent our enormous toll of death on the road and in industry? JOHN BULL urges that all the resources of science should be shaped towards this end.

Every year, over 18,000 persons are killed in accidents, a total which works out at slightly more than forty-nine per day. Of these, twenty are killed on the roads, and most of the others in industry.

Could be halved

But no great wave of popular sympathy goes out to these who are daily killed and the thousands more who are injured. For the instances are scattered, and are usually attended by no spectacular circumstances.

Yet research has shown that at least half of the accidents occurring could have been prevented by proper precautions.

These people who die or who are disabled are of our best. They are men and women who serve in the great army of industry, without which not a wheel would turn nor a loaf be baked.

And many of them are children, some of them, perhaps, with great gifts to contribute later to the community.

We cannot afford this toll of death, disablement and industrial disease.

Just as there exists an organised health service for the prevention of disease, and an organised life-saving service for those who are in peril on the seas, so must there be a great life-saving campaign for the safety of our daily life.

Baby victim

This is meant by the national Safety First campaign, which has the approval of the Government, of the more progressive employers and of the trade union movement.

The casualty ward of any hospital provides a revelation of the extent of the accidents occurring daily.

Here comes a garage mechanic with a crushed finger, which may become septic if neglected; here is a mother with a screaming child which has been burnt, because there was no proper guard around the fire, as required by the law, while mother was doing the weekly washing, and baby was unattended.

The ambulance rattles up and an insensible figure is borne upon a stretcher into the hospital. A motoring accident; some reckless and selfish driver has been "cutting in"—the cardinal and deadly sin of the road—and this is the result.

The home, the factory and the road—they all send their casualties to augment the total of distress. And, although some accidents must and always will occur, many are the result of negligence or ignorance.

It is not enough to punish persons responsible for preventable accidents; we need to encourage those who take steps to avoid them.

Some employers are already doing this. There are companies employing a large number of lorry-drivers who confer a diploma upon those men who have been involved in no accident over a stated period.

It should be considered as worthy to possess an honour for having caused no accident as it is to have a medal for life-saving.

The majority of accidents occur in industry; it is in industry that a most determined battle for safety must be fought.

Asking for it

While recognising the admirable work performed by the Safety First Association, in providing educational posters, lectures and other means of instructing the workers in the precautions which should be taken against accident, one must note with regret that there are many places where this good counsel cannot be put into practice because of certain conditions.

For instance, some engineering firms provide eye-glasses for men employed on grinding wheels—a very necessary thing, for blindness may result from the flying metal particles.

But in some shops, in order to obtain glasses, a man must get a requisition from the foreman, and then must go and secure the glasses from the store-room.

Many grinders work at piece-rates, and this takes from ten to fifteen minutes of their own time. Naturally, some men do not care to incur the consequent loss in earnings.

But there are workers who, through a contempt for safety precautions, may get injured. They are often the best workers, whose skill is so great that they consider themselves immune from accident.

Recently an inspector was in a factory where a girl had just lost two fingers in a power-press.

When he enquired how this had happened, another girl—one of the best workers there—smiled contemptuously and volunteered to show how this other "stupid" girl had become injured.

And, in showing how, she lost two of her own fingers!

Yet, the guards on the press were quite efficient. Even with the best guards, the human factor also counts.

While it is up to the worker to be as careful as possible, and, above all, never to "monkey" with safety devices, it is also incumbent on the employer to provide every possible guard against accidents.

Unfortunately, for motives of economy, this is not always done. And very stupid economy it is: eventually greater losses are incurred by the interruption of production through accidents, decreased turnover, and compensation costs.

Science is constantly offering better safeguards against accident, if only we will learn to take advantage of them.

One of the most admirable of these is now in use in a North Country motor-car plant. The machine is called a "guillotine," and is used to cut great sheets of metal into shapes for car panels and bodies.

Two men are required to work it, one on each side of a table, 6 ft. across.

One would think that, working at a feverish pace, it would be quite possible, by mistaking signals, for one man to extend his arm at the wrong time—and then the arm would be gone.

But this machine is so constructed that the "guillotine" knife descends only when both workers are simultaneously manipulating two levers each; and these four levers are placed high up and so far apart that both hands are needed. Thus, if either removes one hand, the machine stops instantly.

"Fool-proof"

Here is an example of the almost perfect "fool-proof" safety-first machine.

Yet with all this there remains the individual, who must be educated to avail himself fully of these devices, and to follow the simple cautionary rules which make for safety.

From May 11 to May 16 we have our Safety Week in Great Britain. Everywhere the campaign is being carried on, by means of posters, lectures, demonstrations.

It is a worthy and necessary campaign, and should have the approval and aid of every man and woman.

But we must remember that accidents happen all the year round, and it is not merely during Safety Week that we must be on our guard.

Every day, at work or at play, we should be doing our utmost to reduce the possibility of accidents, and thus save valuable lives for the nation.

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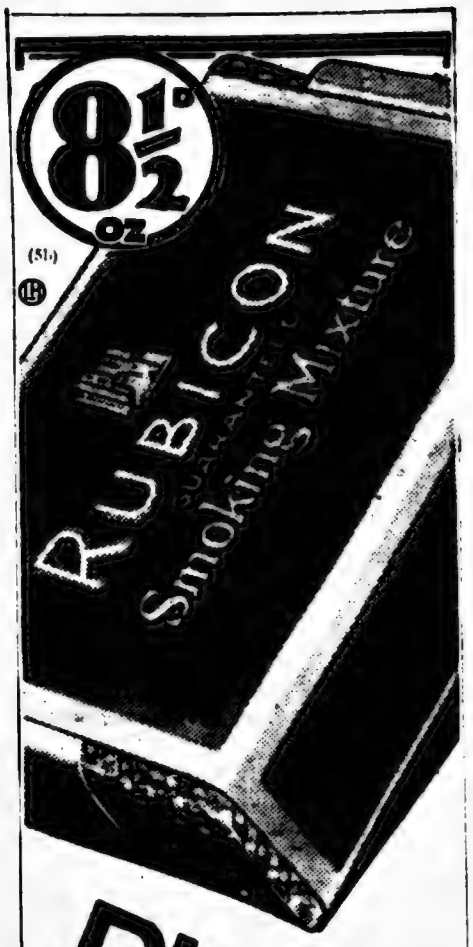

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If the tobacco you smoke is "flavoured" plug, "scented" flake or some "tangy" mixture, or if you usually pay 10½d., 11d. or even 1/- an ounce, John Sinclair asks you to try his RUBICON MIXTURE. It is a pure, *natural* Tobacco . . . unscented, unflavoured, undoctored.

RUBICON MIXTURE *saves and satisfies.* Try it for one week against anything you may be smoking—you will then probably decide to smoke it regularly. It has no equal at, or near its price.

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Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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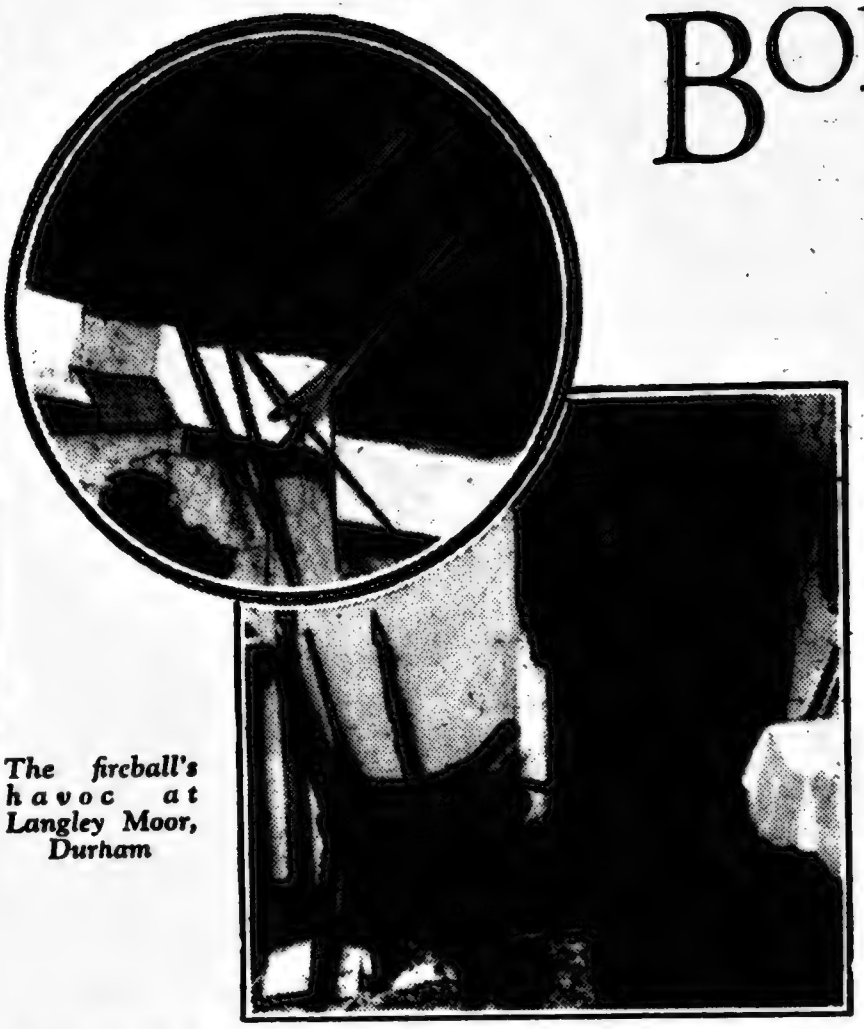


The fireball's havoc at Langley Moor, Durham

SCIENTISTS have tried to define the fireball—that peculiar and often dangerous globe of moving light—but they have never been able to do it to their own satisfaction.

Most of them agree that the fireball is a form of electric energy, and there they leave it.

The public, on the other hand, sees some of its dire effects, as, for instance, at Langley Moor, Durham, where twelve people were injured a few days ago.

Last year a fireball fell on a house at Bradford. Strangely enough, it was attracted by a metal gas-bracket.

It bent the long tube until it pointed downwards towards the fireplace, stripped the paper from the wall, demolished a picture-rail and exploded on the hearth.

On the same day a fireball entered a room near Lyons, France, through an open window. The intensely luminious object appeared no larger than a Mills bomb.

Five persons in the room crouched in fear of the strange visitor, which appeared to avoid every object as it rolled around.

Then, as suddenly as it came, it returned to the street through the open window, danced over the way, and struck the metal bonnet of a waiting motor-car.

With a terrifying roar it exploded, completely shattered the car, and broke every window in the street.

FAR more disastrous results occurred when the British schooner *Caranza* was struck by a fireball last autumn.

The vessel left Sydney, Australia, under the command of Captain Matthews, with passengers bound for St. John's, Newfoundland.

A favourable breeze was blowing, and the ship was making an excellent passage towards her home port, when suddenly a fireball fell from the blue sky, and, according to Mr. Nathan Roberts, first mate, struck the mainmast, travelled down to the deck and burst.

The schooner was split in two from stem to stern, and a small boat floated off the deck as the *Caranza* sunk.

Only six men scrambled into it. They were subsequently picked up by the schooner *Vignette*, after days of suffering in the open boat.

Altogether ten lives were lost, including that of Captain Matthews.

None can understand the freaks of fireballs. One completely evaded the copper lightning-conductor on Point Washington lighthouse. It passed through a partly-opened window, smashed some copper tubing, and travelled to the earth down a steel pipe without creating any further damage.

The most perplexing part of its performance—which has since puzzled everyone—is that not a single pane of glass in the heavy lantern was touched.

THE masts of many ships have been shattered by fireballs, while their compasses have been thrown completely out of order. Without the guiding needle they have been obliged to follow other vessels in order to reach port.

Another strange freak was that which happened to the sailing ship *Hirondelle*. The officer on watch aft failed to obtain a response from the man on the look-out.

Going forward, the chief officer found him leaning over the rail apparently asleep, and commenced to rate him for his neglect of duty.

Finding that the man took no notice, the officer shook him, thinking to awaken him, but the man fell to the deck. When the watch carried him below, it was found that he had been electrocuted.

IN the annals of the Royal Navy, many strange fireball freaks are recorded.

H.M.S. *Russell* had her mast shattered to splinters. The powder-magazine near the foot of the mast was untouched.

Off the coast of Ireland, H.M.S. *Thisbe* was struck by a "thunderbolt which set her on fire. After burning a mast and rigging, it entered the gun-room, where it exploded and did considerable damage."

Perhaps the most curious freak of a fireball was recorded when the Italian sailing ship *Coquino* sank at anchor in the Bay of Naples.

The upper part of the vessel was untouched, but the fireball travelled down the mast until it reached the keel, where it exploded and blew the bottom out of the ship.

It was thanks to the vigilance of the officer on watch in the *Cardiganshire*, of London, that the crew of the *Inspiration* was saved in mid-Atlantic.

A fireball dodged the lightning-conductor, travelled some distance down the mast, and suddenly leapt on to the after-deck. Part of the stern was damaged and the ship became waterlogged.

For eight days she drifted with decks awash, and just as the last of the exhausted men was hauled into the lifeboat of the *Cardiganshire* the *Inspiration* sank.

£1,100 CROSSWORD WINNERS

Awarded in "John Bull's" Competition No. 111

CORRECT solutions in the above contest were received from the following competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £333 6s. 8d. will be despatched.

Mr. S. Cartlidge, 40, Minsthorpe Lane, South Elmsall, Yorks.
Mr. C. Hall, 23, Mackeith Street, Glasgow, S.E.
Mrs. I. H. Timmins, Queenland, Heathfield, Sussex.

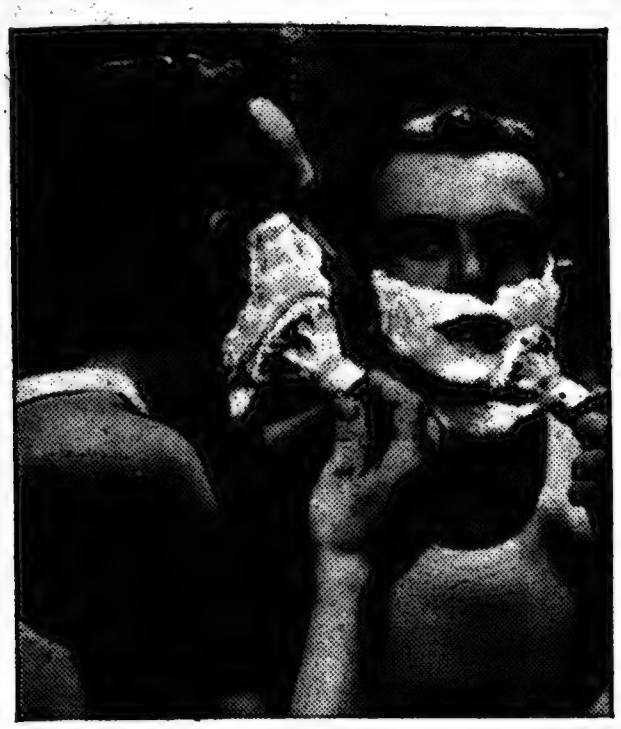
Solutions containing one error were received from the following twenty competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £5.

Miss E. Bartlett, 44, Berrydale Avenue, Newtown, Bridgwater, Somerset.
Sgt. M. Cox, R.A.S.C., Catterick, Yorks.
Mr. J. Dunphy, 1, Dublin Road, Maryborough, Leix, Ireland.
Mr. J. Etherington, 27, Belgrave Street, Burnley, Lancs.
Mr. A. E. Hall, 114, Ashburton St., Lukes, Cork.
Mrs. Harris, 105, Sefton Park Road, Bristol.
Mr. E. Horsfall, 51, Stanafield Road, Todmorden, Lancs.
Mr. R. Hunter, 19, Calder Drive, Mossend, Bellshill, Lanarks.
Mrs. H. J. Ireland, Avenue Road, St. Neots, Hunts.
Mr. W. H. Jones, 105, Corporation Street, Stafford.
Mrs. F. Lennon, Carrickrovaddy, Cullyhanna, Co. Armagh.
Mr. W. Lodwick, 9, Cambrian Terrace, Ystradgynlais, Swansea.
Mrs. S. Loxton, Lower Weare, Axbridge, Somerset.
Mr. P. Lydd, 28, Upper Pembroke Street, Dublin.
Mr. G. MacLennan, 7, St. Lukes Road, W.11.
Mr. H. G. O'Brien, 18, Welfield Place, Dingle, Liverpool.
Mrs. A. Orton, 82, Hockley Road, Wilncote, near Tamworth.
Mr. H. D. Smith, Derby Road, Bramcote, Notts.
Mr. H. Swindale, 14, Horton Street, Lincoln.
Mr. A. Tingley, 57, Wickham Street, Rochester, Kent.

CROSSWORD No. 110

It is regretted that the details of those who, subject to the conditions of the contest, are to receive £55 11s. 2d. each for their one-error solutions were omitted from some copies of JOHN BULL last week. We print below the names and addresses of these eighteen winners and would remind all entrants that the scrutiny date in connection with this contest is Tuesday, May 12.

Mrs. M. Clay, 16, Robey Street, Bootle, Liverpool.
J. Creanell, 1, St. George's Street, Douglas, I.O.M.
A. C. Day, 14, Nightingale Road, Southsea, Hants.
E. Dorn, 86, Sunderland Street, Houghton-le-Spring.
F. W. Fawcett, 177, London Road, Oldham.
E. Fry, St. Ivel, Stoborough, Wareham.
Mrs. Furner, Fair View, Etchingham, Sussex.
Mrs. M. Goodwin, 17, Cecil Road, Waltham Cross, Herts.
Mrs. M. J. Hartley, 24, Commercial Street, Brierfield, Lancs.
Mrs. Lennon, 12, Ruby Street, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorks.
Mrs. Leach, 38, Wellfield Road, Sheffield.
Miss E. R. McPherson, 81, Somerville Drive, Mount Florida, Glasgow.
Miss N. Mead, Spencer Road, New Milton, Hants.
Miss Paton, 67, Marlowe Road, Wallasey, Ches.
W. M. Robinson, 50, Llandaff Road, Cardiff.
W. Rowe, 57, Harwood Road, Rishton, near Blackburn.
W. Smartbwaite, 61, Barlow Street, Bradford, Manchester.
Miss M. Williams, 1, Selsdon Village, South Croydon.



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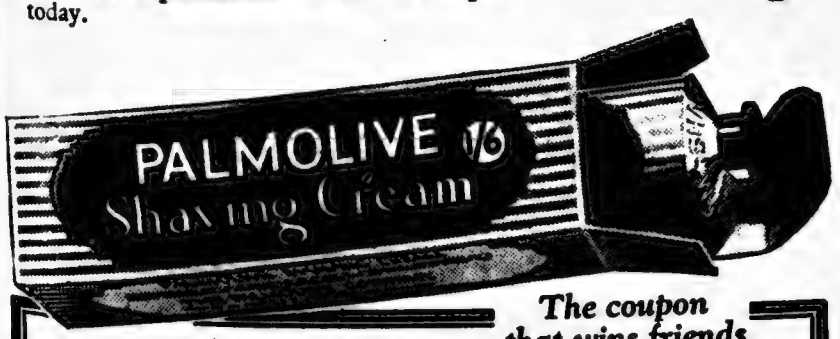

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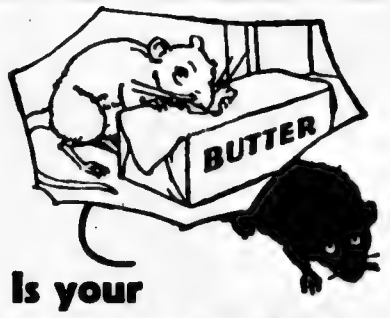

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by
May Edginton

—the distinguished novelist, author of "Ladies Only," "Fair Lady," "Call Her Sammy," etc. The successful play, "No, No, Nanette" — afterwards screened—was adapted from one of Miss Edginton's books.

IT was one of those leisurely cruises that you embark upon for rest and sea-air, or for sight-seeing, as the reason moves you. I am always interested in my fellow-travellers.

At Southampton, embarking, I saw the woman, whose face impressed me at once, and, coming up the gangway also, though separated from her by a dozen or more passengers, the man whose face also seized my attention.

And somehow, although those two people appeared to be strangers to each other, I knew that they were not strangers.

He and I were at the same table-for-eight at dinner. I sat next him. For the purposes of this story I shall call him Leonard Dering. He was a Ceylon tea-planter taking the pleasure-cruise.

"I should have thought," I said, "that you saw enough of the Mediterranean on your regular journeys home and out again."

"Oh no," he said easily. "I know few of the interesting Mediterranean ports."

"You're alone?"

"I'm alone," he answered.

* * *

While his other neighbour spoke to him I looked about me. I saw, perhaps half a dozen tables away, the woman whom I had noticed coming up the gangway. Her name was not Mrs. Fredericks except for the purpose of disguising her for this story.

She wore a most amazingly beautiful Chinese shawl, the largest I have ever seen. Many of the women in the dining-saloon were looking at it.

It was old-ivory colour; a very old shawl with immensely long fringes, and embroidered in the most primitively rich blues, greens and black.

I praised the shawl first, leaving it for one of my table neighbours to add: "And what a striking face!"

When this was said, I looked at the tea-planter. His affectation of the casually admiring stranger was good, but not good enough for me.

Next morning the ship awoke to all her social activities. Dance notices were put up; concert notices; deck games began early; members of the crew staged a boxing-match.

I recuperating after an illness, stayed in my chair, enjoying the sun. Beside me, also lying quiescent in her long chair, was a thin, little woman. She was the sort of woman whom the social life of such a ship passes by.

"Good morning," I said presently.

"Good morning," she answered. Her voice was sweet, her eyes shrewd. We talked a little.

The name written on her chair-label was Miss I. Simmons. On the fly-leaf of the book which she dropped and which I picked up for her it was fuller: Isabel Simmons.

Mr. Dering passed, walking alone; Mrs. Fredericks passed, walking alone. They did not so much as glance at each other.

But presently I saw them shepherded together by the purser, who was in search of talent for a concert.

* * *

After this they promenaded for awhile with the purser, and then without him. And soon they were tucked into chairs side by side and talking—not as strangers talk.

"A ship is an interesting little world," I said to Miss Simmons.

"It is a dangerous little world," she answered.

There was dancing that night. Miss Simmons and I looked on. Mrs. Fredericks was, naturally enough, dancing sometimes with her acquaintance of the morning.

This second night she wore an ermine cape close-wrapped round her when she stopped dancing.

"I fancy those two are old friends," I observed to Miss Simmons.

"Really? Do you?" she said placidly.

Quite early in the evening Mrs. Fredericks and the Ceylon tea-planter were no more to be seen on the dance-floor. . . . But anyway it was a heavenly night, and all the stars were shining.

I pulled on my cloak and sauntered out on deck. I climbed to the boat-deck for the pleasure of standing bare-headed in the bows and feeling the night breeze sweep by me, and the buoyant lift of the ship over the waters.

I saw—without seeming to see—many couples stealing up to enjoy the stars too. Every quiet corner soon

(*Continued on page 26*)

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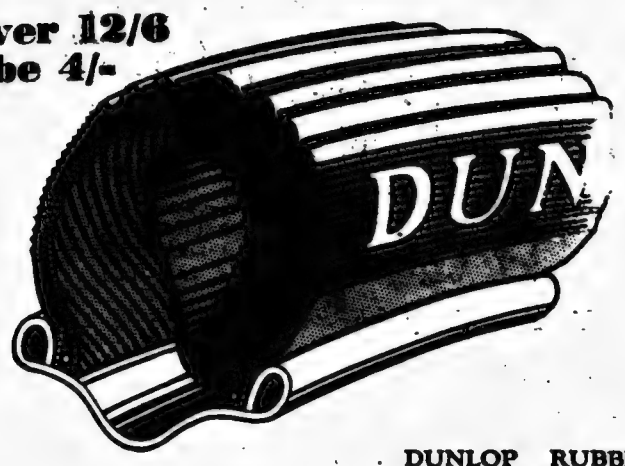

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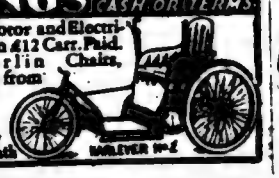

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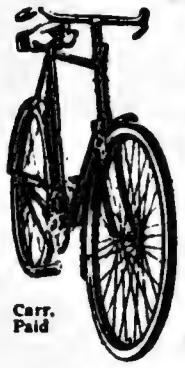

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"The Rescue"—*Continued from page 24*

filled. But no corner was filled by Leonard Dering or Mrs. Fredericks.

I went down to my cabin to sleep, Miss Simmons having disappeared early too.

There were, of course, busybodies on this ship who soon collected others of their kind. Three were women, and one was a man, the husband of one of them.

Two of these people knew, and the others soon knew, that Mrs. Fredericks had a husband, a child at school, and had—it was said—fallen violently in love with a man from abroad.

These people knew other people at home who knew Mrs. Frederick's husband, or his aunts, or his cousins . . . and soon a coherent story was circulating quietly all over the ship.

I was approached, but kept politely out of the whirlpool. I had really noticed nothing, I protested; really I saw nothing remarkable about this ordinary, boardship acquaintance.

"Ah, my dear," said the growing group of the scandalisers, "you are very charitable; you are very tolerant; but Mrs. A. declares . . . and Mr. B. says . . . and there can be no mistaking that shawl."

I PROTESTED amiably that Mrs. Fredericks, after the first night, had been wearing an ermine wrap in the evenings.

"Ah, my dear," said the scandaliser, "that is where she is so clever."

And now sometimes the lovely Mrs. Fredericks would drop into an empty chair beside me and talk a little.

The only person who never joined in this topic of Mrs. Fredericks and the tea-planter was Miss Simmons.

Except that her cheeks were now a little pinker and her eyes brighter from the fresh air, she remained untouched by the voyage.

* * *

And now we were anticipating our first stopping-place — the beautiful, white, yet strangely dirty, port of Cadiz. Nearly everyone went ashore except Mrs. Fredericks and the tea-planter.

What did they do? It was remarked that they had been seen sitting together in the sun on the boat-deck talking. *Talking absorbedly*, said the scandaliser.

As the voyage went on, with leisurely days spent at Gibraltar, and Malaga, and Malta, and Tunis, and Algiers, the scandal grew; and so did the venom behind it.

At last I was angry and dragged it from its lurking-place in the secret conclaves of the scandaliser.

"Do speak out!" I said abruptly, when one afternoon a group of these detestable people had gathered about my chair.

Preceding their revelations with hypocritical protests about their sorrow for the poor, deceived husband—whom none of them knew personally—they informed me that Mrs. Fredericks and Mr. Dering, quiet as they seemed, were in the habit of visiting each other's cabins late at night.

You could not mistake that shawl—enveloping Mrs. Fredericks from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot—flitting down the quiet gangways.

"Do you mean you have watched her?" I said tersely.

THEY explained that Mrs. A. just happened to be here, or Mrs. B. happened to be there.

Should the purser be told? Or the captain?

"I doubt if you could tell the staff of any passenger-ship anything that it did not already know," said I. "I should advise you to keep aloof from all this."

"Oh, dear, but you are *so tolerant!*" they cried, aggrieved.

Miss Simmons said nothing.

Now we had voyaged through the gate of Gibraltar; had passed all the rocky coast of Southern Spain; we were coming to Italy, to Naples.

We arrived there on an evening of beautiful calm. The gangway was run across; there were to be two days here. Passengers had planned dining and dancing on shore.

Miss Simmons had asked me to explore the town with her to-morrow. She had come to my cabin to discuss it as I was dressing for dinner.

There was a sharp knock. I opened the door, expecting my stewardess. Mrs. Fredericks stood there, white as paper, with a telegram in her hand.

"Come in," I said instantly. And Miss Simmons shut the door very quickly behind Mrs. Fredericks.

"Help me!" said Mrs. Fredericks.

"Yes," I said; and I heard Miss Simmons say "Yes" too in her quiet, easy voice.

The telegram was thrust into my hands.

"Joining ship at Naples. Stay aboard till I come.—HENRY."

We both looked at Mrs. Fredericks.

"ON THE RACK,"

Next Week's True Story by

EDWARD WOODWARD

She looked very young, very unhappy; yet lovelier than ever, in a very careful toilette of black dinner-frock, ermine wrap, and tight, black turban.

"Your husband?" I guessed.

She nodded. "He is here talking to the purser, whom he knows."

She was so frightened that in that moment we were both afraid for her, though exactly why we could not have said.

ANOTHER moment and we knew why.

"I was going with Leonard Dering to dine ashore. . . . We'd planned . . ." Her voice failed her. I made her sit down beside me, and held her hand.

Miss Simmons, quiet little spinster, remained in the basket-chair, her modest evening wrap folded round her.

"Go on quickly," I murmured.

Mrs. Fredericks hurried on: "You two women are the only ones on this boat, I believe, who have noticed nothing." Miss Simmons suddenly smiled.

"They're all against me—all the other women. I feel it. And unluckily there happen to be people on board who know connections of my husband's——"

"It's a small world," said Miss Simmons tritely.

"And we've been rash. I know it now. I thought we'd planned so carefully. But now I see it would have been better to talk openly, go about together openly. . . .

"Leonard has found out that they've been watching me when I've stolen along at night to his cabin; watching him if he has slipped into mine!

"Leonard and I loved each other before I married; nothing settled—just a young romance. Then he had to go to Ceylon. Then . . . I suppose I was lonely and my people urged me—I married my husband. It has been terribly unhappy; only I have my child."

"Come to the point quickly," said Miss Simmons quietly.

"Then, after years, Leonard came home. We met. We talked. We adore each other. But there's been nothing—nothing wrong. Believe me. . . . My doctor ordered me this trip. My husband couldn't come.

"Then Leonard thought—he was due to go out again—he would come too; and from Naples—if I didn't decide by then to go with him for good and all—he would go back to Marseilles and get the boat for Ceylon.

"We said to each other that we'd talk it all out on this voyage."

"And you have talked it out?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes. We've sat alone for hours quietly talking—but who'd believe such a story?

"We decided last night to dine together this evening at the Hotel Bertolini, looking over this wonderful bay; and then to say 'Good-bye.'"

"Go on," I urged, pressing her cold hand.

"Well, my husband is here! He's found out Leonard is on the boat. He suspects. He'll never rest till he finds out everything anyone has to tell.

"He is a most jealous and revengeful man. We've been mad—mad! And it seemed we were being so sane."

"WHAT have people to tell?" Miss Simmons asked musingly. "How do they know it was you they saw going into Mr. Dering's cabin?"

We knew the answer, though we waited for it.

"My shawl. The second night it was cold and I wore my ermine cape. Then it occurred to me: go on wearing the ermine in public, and cover yourself right up with the shawl . . . other times I drew it right up over my head. . . . But they're both noticeable garments. . . . People remembered—"

In a moment she gasped: "Leonard is up in the lounge, so obviously waiting for someone. My husband will walk through with the purser—oh, he's clever—and the purser will be sure to say, 'Not ashore yet, Mr. Dering?' and Leonard will say——"

"Is your cabin empty?" said Miss Simmons, getting up swiftly.

"Yes."

"Where is the shawl?"

"In my wardrobe-drawer."

"Stay where you are, both of you," said Miss Simmons.

We sat quite silent. And in two minutes she was back again: under her inexpensive cloak the gorgeous shawl was folded. She threw her cloak into my wardrobe. She had the shawl swathed over her dull, little evening frock in an instant.

Metamorphosis!

"Come along at once, my dear," she said to Mrs. Fredericks, "and don't argue. I am just a spinster 'of uncertain age,' with nothing to lose."

Mrs. Fredericks followed her as if struck dumb; and I followed after.

We three women walked then very swiftly into the general saloon. There stood Leonard Dering, alone, waiting.

And by the other door, from the smoke-room, there entered the purser chatting with a swarthy man—Mrs. Fredericks' husband.

I took Mrs. Fredericks' arm and held her back, pretending to call her attention to an opened magazine lying on one of the tables. But Miss Simmons walked gaily and certainly on. Then:

"Hullo, Mr. Dering," said the purser cheerfully, "not ashore yet?"

And it was Miss Simmons who answered: "I've kept him waiting. Sorry, Leonard. Let's go at once."

And she waved to us all, and went out, her arm through Dering's.

* * *

MY profession encourages me to travel. But why, six months later, did I find myself in Ceylon? The novelist's urge to finish a story perhaps.

Friends took me to dine at the club. And as I looked about me I saw, at another table, Leonard Dering, red, sturdy, well-groomed as ever in the spotless white of the tropics, with the black cummerbund of evening dress.

Opposite him was Miss Simmons, pinker, brighter than of yore.

"An almost honeymoon couple still," my friends observed.

I replied: "I knew them both slightly before they were married."

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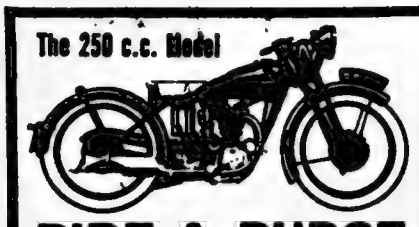

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Dead Man's Ambition

MY mother, married at nineteen, was ten years younger than father, and though she kept up an illusion of happiness in secret, even we children knew she was wretched.

The reason was that father's employer, a well-to-do auctioneer, died when we were all little, and in his will he left his widow and his children to father's care.

Father, always a strictly honourable and conscientious man, interpreted his duties of guardianship most seriously.

From being chief clerk, he now took complete charge of the auctioneer's business, and slaved, early and late, to make it pay.

He knew what had been the dead man's ambition—to add to the existing capital, so that each of the orphans—there were six—should have a sum of £5,000 to start out in life when they reached the age of twenty-one.

It became an obsession with my father to carry this plan to success. To do it he neglected his home. He only gave mother money at odd times.

We learned later that when receipts in the widow's business fell off, he would forgo his salary, lest the coveted capital should not accumulate.

Is it any wonder that mother rebelled and quarrels became frequent? In the end she took a small grocery business on her own account to earn enough to educate us, and worked like a slave to make it a success.

Two of us became bank clerks, two qualified for nurses, and the youngest won her degree.

Father, having worn himself out in his impossible task, died suddenly, without leaving a will. His estate, valued at £2,000, was divided according to law.

Unhappily, this monetary relief did not end our troubles. Mother, grown cynical and bitter, made home life unbearable.

Then one day, without warning, she remarried, a mere youth over twenty years her junior and a wastrel.

Within two years this man had squandered the whole of her fortune, and, after involving her in debts, deserted her.

A family conclave was called, and we decided, for the sake of what mother had done for us, to pool resources, clear her of debt, and give her a fresh start.

But I am the only one who accompanied this with any sign of affection. My brothers and sisters declared this was the end. They would never give another penny and never wished to see her again.

This frightens me, as mother is growing enfeebled. She may need a home, and it is by no means certain that my husband would allow me to have her.

Do advise me how to patch up this terrible breach before the situation becomes more urgent

"HUMANIST" says: Your brothers and sisters are behaving badly in view of what your mother went through.

She has paid terribly for the mistake of her second marriage, but point out to your brothers that she has committed no sin, and if they don't help willingly to keep her from the workhouse, the law will step in and compel them to do so.

STEPMOTHER WALKS

off with the money

MY father is an invalid and I, a young schoolmistress at a village far from home, have sent my stepmother £6 of my salary every month.

This was because the doctor advises a long holiday in change of surroundings as the one thing likely to effect a cure for my father, and my stepmother declared she was saving every penny she could towards this end.

When the Easter holidays arrived, I had actually to pawn one or two things in order to raise the necessary fare home.

I then discovered, to my horror, that father is not being cared for at all and that no money whatever is being saved up.

My stepmother and her own daughter go out in search of enjoyment night after night. My contributions have all been spent to buy them new clothes.

If I gave up my post to look after father, I should have no money at all yet if I work to send him money he does not get it.

"HUMANIST" says: Surely a middle course is possible. Since your confidence has proved misplaced, arrange to send your help through a mutual friend who will give it to your father direct.

THE PLOT

that terrified the plotter

SOME years ago I was dismissed from my job as village postman, owing to the tales of dilatoriness and shirking told against me by a smart, young telegraph lad who wanted my position.

A country postman's job in wild weather over rough ground, sometimes up mountain-sides, is no joke, and when, one day, I delayed a delivery because of bad weather, it was taken as corroborative of what the boy had told, and I lost my job.

For years after that I was just in and out of work, but mainly unemployed.

Meanwhile the lad stepped into my shoes. I confess that I hated him with an almost unreasoning hate.

He bragged of how he had never failed to deliver every letter on the day it was due, even in the roughest weather, no matter how outlying the farmstead.

One week, when the weather was exceptionally severe, I conceived what I now know to have been a fiendish plot. I determined to put his boast to the most trying test.

I had two acquaintances, both old shepherds living miles apart, almost beyond the pale of civilisation. I wrote to each a friendly note, saying that when the weather softened I would go up for a day's fishing in the mountain-streams.

The next day began with a snowstorm that before night had lashed up into a raging blizzard.

The young "postie," I learned, had set off with the letters, pooh-poohing "a flurry of snow," but when the blizzard began, and when night fell and he had not returned, others beside myself got anxious.

A search-party went out, but it was not until dawn that he was found, near a rock, unable from exhaustion to take a step further.

A FORTNIGHT later the lad died from pneumonia, brought on by exposure.

To add to my agony, before he died he begged my pardon for having spoken against me for shirking duty, as he now knew, from his own experience, what might be involved by determining to get every letter to its destination on the day it was due.

What am I to do? Is there anything to be gained by confessing the truth, which only I know?

Above all, dare I again take the post which is now vacant, and which I have the chance of obtaining if I ask for it?

"HUMANIST" says: Take the post by all means, since it is a job for which you are apparently well fitted.

You laid a mean trap, but you did not foresee the storm. Let the remorse you feel work itself out in doing acts of kindness to any relatives or dependents the young man has left behind.

You'll find plenty of opportunities for helpfulness if you look around for them.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

BRING BACK THE Sunshine!

VERA'S father is an ex-Service man. He joined up in August, 1914, and went through two battles at Ypres, at Loos and the Somme push. He was discharged in 1918, wounded, no longer fit for service. His words carry weight when he says:

"I have seen scores of men dying of wounds on the battlefield, but nothing ever made me feel as I do now. It is awful to watch day and night one who is all to me and the mother of my four poor children, slowly eaten away with cancer."

Vera

His wife had been ill for nearly a year. After an operation in hospital she was sent home incurable.

Vera, now aged four years, is the youngest of four children, all under fourteen.

What is breaking their daddy's heart is that, out of his 34s. a week unemployment pay, it is impossible to provide the invalid food prescribed for his wife.

Another grief is that this dying woman craves to be taken out into the air and sunshine, but is too weak to walk, and the two invalid chairs belonging to their village are not available.

"I want to do all I can for her while she is here," her husband pleads, "but I cannot get her out. She cries to me so pitifully at times. It hurts me."

Though his watch and his wife's wedding-ring have been pawned to try to meet the expenses of rent, gas, coal and milk, he writes:

"I have got behind with the rent, and I am properly tied up. If I could only satisfy my wife's wishes, it would bring back a bit of sunshine into her life."

Money, which is said to be the root of all evil, can become the greatest blessing when given for the good of others, and bring a rich reward.

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions can be seen at that address, and a copy of this week's list will be sent on application.

1½ GLASSES OF FULL-CREAM MILK IN EVERY ½ LB. BLOCK

CADBURY'S

MILK CHOCOLATE ½ LB. BLOCKS 5d. ALSO 2d. BARS

See the name 'CADBURY' on every piece of chocolate.

They're all Happy in this House!

each one uses

GIBBS DENTIFRICE

Twice-a-day

The secret of happiness . . why, that is no secret at all. It's just keeping as well as you know how. Care of the teeth is one of the first principles. The better the teeth—the better your health—the greater the joy of living. So use Gibbs Dentifrice twice-a-day.

Gibbs Dentifrice produces a fragrant antiseptic foam that breezes delightfully round the teeth and mouth. It gets everywhere — right into every tiny nook and cranny. A surging cleansing foam that instantly destroys germs, removes impurities, dissolves greasy deposits, and polishes the teeth to natural pearly lustre.

Dental authorities will tell you that Gibbs Dentifrice is ideal for keeping your teeth and gums ever youthful. Don't delay. Get Gibbs Dentifrice to-day!

FOR ECONOMY

Gibbs Dentifrice—neat, tidy, efficient—costs less and gives many times more service than ordinary pastes and powders. Aluminium Cases: Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. In tubes 6d. and 1/-. Gibbs Mouth Wash a fragrant antiseptic powder, 1/- per flask.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

GD108

FREE! Generous Trial Sample of Gibbs Dentifrice So that you may prove for yourself the delights of using Gibbs Dentifrice — and may see how wonderfully it cleans and brings out the natural pearly lustre of your teeth—we offer you a Generous Trial Case. Fill in the Coupon NOW.

SEND THIS COUPON

in sealed envelope (1½d. stamp).

To D. & W. GIBBS LTD.
(Dept. 10 V.), City Soap Works, London, E.1.

I am not yet a regular user of Gibbs' Dentifrice. Please send me a Trial Case as offered. I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS.

'O.K.' SAUCE

Can be used in a hundred ways. Gives a thousand delights ....and delights thousands.

Family Size 9d. *Smaller Sizes* 4½d. and 6d.

BIRD'S CUSTARD is best— and it's best with Rhubarb.

C33

Something to sing about

Caution!

Readers of this paper who desire to bet will be well advised to only do business with a firm of repute.

TAKE OUR ADVICE

Send all your commissions to:—

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.),

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

Letter Commissions are accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if postmarked not later than set time of race and in accordance with rules

YOU ARE ON AT FULL STARTING PRICE OR TOTALISATOR PRICE

as desired. Winnings sent by immediate return. No irksome rules or unreasonable conditions.

A SQUARE DEAL EVERY TIME.

Best Prices Offered on all Future Events.

Every new client qualifies for a free copy of "THE BIG TWO'S" Famous Sportsman's Diary.

Become a Client TO-DAY

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY,

GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

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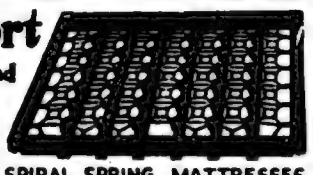
Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

Comfort Begins and Ends at Home



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SPRING MATTRESSES and BEDDING

If Your Furnisher does not stock STERVAL products – Send his Name and Address to

GEO. LANE & SONS LTD. BRUETON ST. BIRMINGHAM

Just what you want—

LADIES' COMBINATIONS!

Special bargain offer. Summer weight. Interlock Combinations made of best quality Egyptian Cotton, sleeveless, with insertion round neck, trunk legs. Branded goods. Will wash well. Fully guaranteed. Usual price 2/6. **2/3** Post free.

Also **LADIES' VESTS**, in same material at **1/4½** Usual price 1/9. Post free.

If not satisfied, Cash and return postage will be refunded.

JOHN SMITHSON & CO., 1942, Guildford Road, Southport, Lancs.

Our Letter Parliament

DESPITE the efforts of the League of Nations, fear is still the predominant emotion in world affairs.

This is because there is no commanding personality at the head of the movement for disarmament.

Undoubtedly peaceful at heart, our Prince would make an admirable leader in a campaign for world-peace.

Deservedly popular in every country he has visited, his friendly and genial personality would typify Britain's attitude to the world.—*Hopeful, Glam.*

Boost for Scotland

I would try to persuade the Prince to come and boost Scotland. If he would tour the Scottish coast and golf resorts in July or August, his example would induce many people who now holiday abroad to seek their pleasures in Caledonia.

They would spend their money in the home market, increase the facilities for employment, and help to put Scotland on the world's holiday-map.

The Prince could tackle this job more successfully than anyone else in the country.—*D., Glasgow.*

Irish Jig-saw

There is a piece of work which has been held back for ten years, because no man who has attempted the task has been capable of accomplishing it. To-day there appears to be one man for the job.

The Prince is the only one who enjoys the confidence of both the Free State supporters and also those of Northern Ireland. All Irishmen admire our sporting Prince.

With the co-operation of a few respected men in Dublin and Belfast, and a reasonable amount of tact, I believe the Prince can accomplish what no other Englishman or Irishman could—a united Ireland.—*Thos. W. Sefton, Ireland.*

One Family

I would send the Prince to the United States to advocate the establishment of an Empire to be known as the United States of America and Great Britain.

We lost the United States by an untoward mistake in policy, and there should not be much difficulty in effecting a reunion.

But it should be done soon, while America is still British at heart, and while pure British blood still flows through the veins of the majority.—*J. B., London, E.C.*

MY NEXT JOB FOR THE Prince

Spur and Whip

Could not the Prince be asked to preside over a Coal Council on the lines of your recent article on the scientific utilisation of coal.

I would suggest a conference of experts and owners, its object being to reform the industry, expand its resources, and release it from its pathetic state of chaos.

The personality and presence of the Heir to the Throne would be a spur to flagging effort, a whip to speed-up successful conclusions, and a guarantee for a square deal.—*Raymond Ashmore, Glasgow.*

S.O.S.

There are a lot of men who are so imitative of the Prince in all that he does that, even if he was to get married and set up a household, they would consider it the correct thing to follow his example.

Speaking on behalf of the lonely British girls, and, incidentally, myself, who would gladly exchange so-called single blessedness for the more homely bonds of matrimony, I therefore call upon the Prince to set an example to the bachelors by taking as speedily as possible some sweet British girl for wife and Princess.—*E. A., Altrincham.*

Golden Chance

The Prince should be invited to become our representative at the opening of the International Exhibition in Paris.

For some obscure reason, British firms are holding aloof from the French show, but if it became known that the Prince was to attend, our merchants would quickly realise that they were missing a golden opportunity for displaying their wares and booking orders.

America has taken a very [illegible] of the exhibition, and nearly [illegible] other country in the world will be represented.—*Trader, Hants.*

Peacemaker

I suggest that the Prince makes a tour of those countries which fought against us in the Great War and extend to them the cordial friendship of every thinking Briton.

The war is over; let us bury all ill-feeling, suspicion and fear, and cherish the nobler sentiments of fellowship and understanding.

For such a difficult undertaking, so far-reaching in its consequences, who more fitted than our own Prince?—*E. Mackereth, Cumberland.*

Look at Home

The Prince has recently visited certain foreign parts in an endeavour to induce our friends abroad to purchase more British products.

This is all very good; but it is also essential that the people here at home should make more use of the purchasing power in their hands.

The Prince's next job might well be that of exerting his tremendous influence to encourage British people to increase their purchases in the home markets, and thus hasten the greatly anticipated "boom."—*Salesman, Cheshire.*

Inefficiency Scrapped

Why not President of a National Reconstruction Board? Our politicians have to admit their inability to remedy our present industrial plight.

The board would examine our problems, and its decisions would be final. It would have the power to scrap inefficient Government departments, if necessary, and have full executive powers.

The Prince's genius for getting things done and his unflagging zeal mark him as the only man for the job.—*C. M., Hanwell.*

Straight

After a short rest, I would ask the Prince to make another tour—this time it should be round England, Scotland and Wales.

He could pay surprise visits to the slums, to the mining areas, and to all places where unemployment is high and poverty rampant.

At the conclusion of this tour, I would ask him to forget his usual courteous regard for other people, and to indulge in some plain speaking to Press and public.—*S. Ogden, Pendleton.*

More Vim

Let the Prince call together all the leading business men of this country and tell them frankly that they cannot keep the new markets created by him unless the home manufacturer puts his back into the job and runs his business on sound lines, adapting it to the needs of his customers.

Were this done, the Prince might not have to play the part of Britain's unpaid salesman so often.—*J. A. O'Conor, London, S.E.*

* * *

I suggest that the Prince goes over to America, taking with him Mrs. Snowden, and ask it to cancel some of the war debt.—*A. C., Wales.*

Address, at each centre, the Chambers of Commerce upon the business aspect of his recent visit to Argentine.—*G. W., Tynemouth.*

The next job for the Prince is by his father's side. He must take some of the heavy load of State duties on to his young shoulders.—*B. P., Glos.*

Let him tell that the great war on trade depression has started, and that every man must do his duty by enrolling in the army of prosperity finders.—*S. M., Wavertree.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 12.

My Plan for Brighter Cricket

Race with "Silver Ring"

Two *for the* Derby

I HAVE often wondered why an easy victory in the "Guineas," such as Cameronian's last week, is responsible for so many Turf writers suggesting the Derby is as good as over.

I have seen several runaway victories in the first of the "Classics," and yet the Newmarket winners have not been on the map at Epsom. On top of this, the records of the two races speak for themselves.

Ruling out the substitute Derbies during the war and going back to 1911, we are left with the dual winners, Sunstar and Manna. Sunstar's successes were in 1911 and Manna's in 1925. This is not much of an advertisement for the writers' parrot-cry.

I was told before the "Guineas" that Joe Childs was of the opinion that he would win at Epsom on Jacopo.

Jockeys' tips are notoriously bad, but if Childs is still of the same mind after his chance mount on Cameronian, we must expect Jacopo to be fighting out the finish.

I should be more satisfied with this one if he had had a race this season.

I look for the Derby winner in the first six in the "Guineas," and, following this line in the past, JOHN BULL readers have had Coronach and Cali Boy in recent years. I missed Blenheim (fourth) and Felstead (sixth), but so did everybody else.

This year I am taking sides with Goyescas, who was undoubtedly the unlucky horse at Newmarket. He made little impression on Cameronian at the judge's end of the race, but his exertions in making up leeway after a bad start must be taken into consideration.

For an each-way selection I suggest Pomme D'Api.

Pomme D'Api finished sixth, just in front of Lemnarchus and Portlaw, and was running on at the finish.

The MacNab may win the "Jubilee" this week-end, and I note Parchment II. and Whoopee for the Saturday "double."

Jacopo's trainer: Capt. Boyd-Rochfort

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday May 7, to Wednesday, May 13.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:—

95 S M X O R 97 O would read GOYESCAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:—

DJC95X2 would read BURGEE.

"SILVER RING."

Your toothpaste helps your dentist . . .

but it does not replace him

A tocthpaste should be used for only one purpose—that of cleansing teeth. Its merit lies in the thoroughness with which it performs this duty.

Thirty years of world leadership is Colgate's record. It cleans better than other dentifrices because it possesses a unique property (low "surface tension"), which permits penetration into even the tiniest crevices.

When you brush with Colgate's, you are certain that every part of a tooth is reached and cleaned thoroughly . . . completely. That is why Colgate's is recommended by the highest dental authorities. Colgate's is made in England. Large size costs 1/-.

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1

RECORD "XL" BARGAIN BALE

20/-

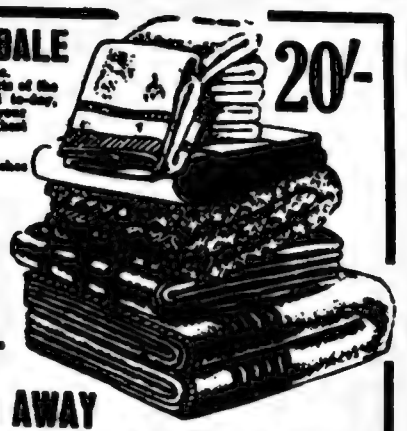
The Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public.

Thousands of our Bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world, and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Each Bale contains:

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Rabbit Blankets, full size, 80 inches x 56 inches.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 56 ins. x 72 ins.
1 Eiderdown Heather Coloured Blanket, soft, warm, and durable, 54 inches x 72 inches.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 inches x 72 inches (White or Coloured).
1 Beautiful Coloured Bedspread, new designs, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspé grounds, size 90 inches x 90 inches.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, size 22 inches x 44 inches.
1 Pretty Irish Embroidered Tray Cloth, hemstitched border.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 x 36 ins. new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.

BALE complete 20/- *Carriage Paid*
Money returned if not approved.



RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL"

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

WOVEN WITHOUT SEAM.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, Brown, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

10/6

With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc, POST FREE.
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, LEEDS.

PIANO OR ORGAN DELIVERED *at* YOUR HOME 15/-

This superb Piano or Organ, 15/- monthly, delivered free at your home upon receipt of 15/-. No Deposit Required. The CRANE PIANO—(famed for 80 years)—an instrument of highest quality, built by expert craftsmen is supplied in Rosewood, Walnut or Ebonised case, hand polished to a mirror-like lustre.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS.

The CRANE PIANO action incorporates all modern improvements:—Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. Tone is pure and of rich resonance. Touch delicate and responsive.

The CRANE-ORGAN is an ideal instrument for Home, Hall or School, etc. Case of dark Walnut, artistically ornamented, equipped with mirror, music receptacle, desk, etc. The magnificent tone is of Pipe organ quality: sweet and mellow. Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 240 of Pianos, Player-Pianos, Organs, etc. Free on Request. **We make full allowance for old instruments.**

AGENTS WANTED.

Crane & Sons Ltd.

149, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. *Head Office:* HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

GET STRENGTH FROM HALL'S WINE

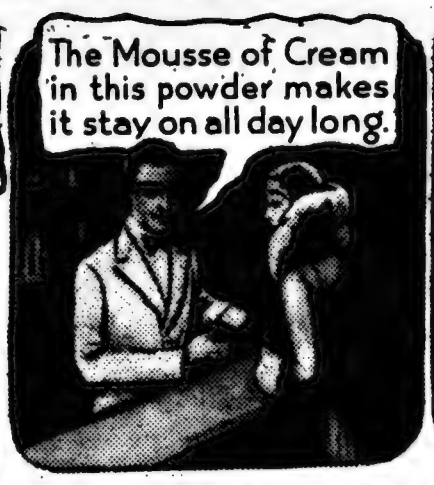
As a rapid, safe, and sure re-builder of health, vigour and real fitness after illness, as a restorative that makes you once more feel it's good to be alive, Hall's Wine has never been equalled.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

LARGE BOTTLE 5/6 — *Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Chemists.* — SMALLER SIZE 3/3

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her nose was shiny, and her skin greasy and sallow. Frequent powdering seemed to be of no use.



Then a chemist told her of a marvellous new patented ingredient in Poudre Tokalon which makes the powder stay on even in windy and rainy weather and in spite of perspiration from dancing and playing strenuous games.

Instead of clogging the pores of the skin, Mousse of Cream in Poudre Tokalon acts as a tonic and its continued use gives a new and natural beauty to the worst sallow, faded complexion and shiny nose.

Senorita Yolande Pereira, winner of World Beauty Contest 1930, says: "Poudre Tokalon gave me a decided advantage over the other contestants. It gave my complexion a marvellous fresh, natural beauty it had never before possessed."

FREE.—By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "mousse of cream" powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of package, postage, etc. Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 974 G.), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

YOUTH!

Girlish Complexions Restored By Amazing Product Obtained From YOUNG ANIMALS

NO MORE WRINKLES

Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna has startled the world by an amazing discovery that lines and wrinkles are caused by a deficiency of Biocel tissue in the skin. The supply of this tissue diminishes as a person grows older. After thousands of experiments Prof. Dr. Stejskal has at last succeeded in extracting this precious Biocel Tissue from carefully selected young animals. Used in hospital tests on women of 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles completely disappeared in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal). The sole rights of this amazing discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon, and this Biocel Tissue is now combined with other skin nourishing ingredients in Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, according to the special formula of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. By its use an aged, faded skin can quickly be rejuvenated, wrinkles disappear and sagging facial muscles be toned up and tightened. Women of 50 or even 60 may obtain complexions that might well be the envy of many a young girl.

Try this test. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even over night. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. White 1/- & 1/6. Rose 1/3 & 2/-

THE GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE

Price complete & Carriage Paid £3:0:0

TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval

Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whippededges 68 x 88ins., weight 7½lbs.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, Whipped Edges, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.

Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 6lbs pair.

One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, Size 73 x 94ins.

One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.

Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.

One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins

IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.

30 years character for honourable trading · Catalogue Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

£1000

'JOHN BULL'S' HUGE X-WORD FIRST

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

EASY TO ENTER • NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

£1,000 for a few minutes of your leisure time. Here is an opportunity for money-making in a new fascinating manner. And in addition to this great prize, there is £100 for runners-up. All that is needed is just a little concentration and simple skill. Do not delay—go right ahead and enter this great contest NOW. The big prize is worth winning.

CLOSING DATE THURS. (Noon), MAY 14th.

FAIR FOR ALL!

Only one sixpenny entry allowed to each competitor.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one form of "John Bull's" Crossword No. 114. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one Sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), May 14th. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 21st. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 28th.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully. Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

1.—Complete puzzle **in ordinary ink**; not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee is Sixpence. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than **noon, Thursday, May 14th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than one Entry Form containing the two squares. If either of the two puzzle squares it contains is left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered, that one square will be disqualified and the other accepted. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—The result of this contest will appear in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, May 28th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by or before first post **Tuesday, June 9th,** addressing Registered Letter containing £1 scrutiny fee to Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of P.O. Should such demand prove justified the fee will be refunded and the result amended accordingly. Competitors must accept the result of the scrutiny as final.

4.—No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 cash, the winners of which will be decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

5.—In the event of a tie the £1,000 prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Limited and members of their families are not eligible.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY.

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 114), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this week's £1,000 winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 114

Entry Form "A."

JB 114

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB 114

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), May 14th.

CUT HERE

Cut out the above Form complete.

Clues Across.

1. LIVES IN A KENNEL.
3. RISKED WHEN PLAYING WITH FIRE.
8. LEAVE OUT.
10. FRIGHTENED.
13. OUTLOOK.
14. MILK IS SOLD AT.
15. THROW OUT.
18. WENT DOWN IN THE WATER.
19. CENTRE.
21. SMALL CHILD DISLIKES THIS.
25. GHOST.
27. MINERAL SALT USED AS ASTRINGENT.
29. SHARP.
30. ALI, BOOTS HAVE THEM.
32. SMALL QUANTITY OF MEDICINE.
36. PRESS ON ALL SIDES.
37. UNTRUTH.
38. THOUGHTFUL PERSON DOES THIS.
39. BOXER DOES, AT MUSIC-HALL.

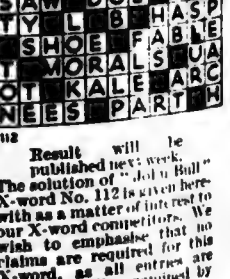
Clues Down.

1. GRANDPA OFTEN DOES THIS.
2. PRESENTED.
4. CRIMINAL CARES LITTLE FOR.
5. INSANE.
6. AN AGE.
7. LITERARY WORK IS SOMETIMES THIS.
9. A WATCH DOES THIS.
11. CORN IS GROUND HERE.
12. COLOURING MEDIUM.
16. STICK.
17. INJURED.
19. SUPPORTS SHIP'S SAIL.
20. SEEN BY THE RIVERSIDE.
22. OFTEN USED FOR SPINNING.
23. USED IN FISHING TRAWLERS.
24. PARLIAMENT IS THIS AT TIMES.
26. GOLFER STARTS FROM.
28. RELUCTANT.
31. LOOK FOR.
33. YOUTHS OFTEN SOW WILD ONES.
34. DONKEY.
35. KNIGHT'S TITLE.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Winners in X-Word No. 111 appear on page 22.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 112

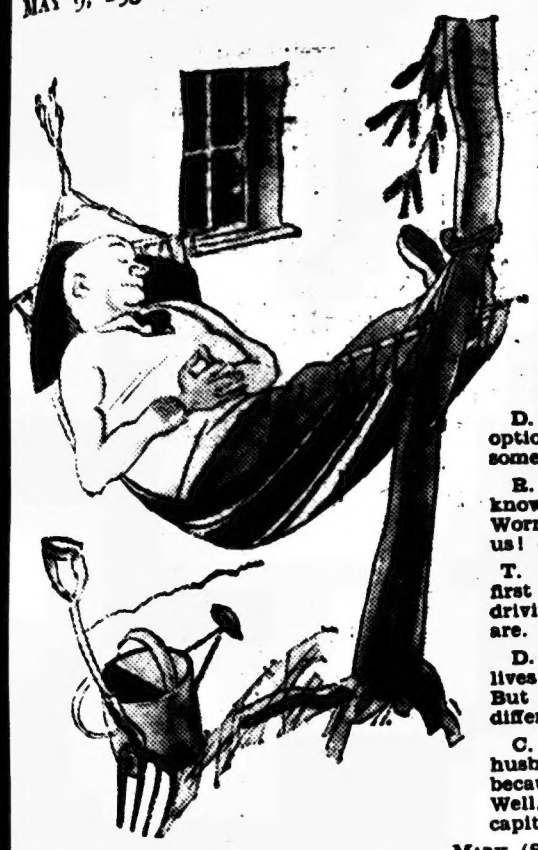


JB 112

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 112 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS X-WORD, TRY YOUR SKILL IN THE "DAILY HERALD" X-WORD NEXT SATURDAY.

ANOTHER £1,000 X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!



T. R. (Bury).—"When I go into the garden I like to put my back into things." We do, too.

B. A. (Sheffield).—"Never trust a girl with a turned-up nose." The straight lip.

P. M. (Richmond).—"Americans use terrible English." Their "Scotch" is pretty awful, too.

J. S. (Paisley).—"I have kept a three-penny bit in my possession for over thirty years now." Great Scot!

J. H. (Brighton).—"Police are now provided with portable wireless sets." To get the crime wave length.

GREGORY (Northants).—"With a woman, age is a polite fiction." With a man it is merely a bald fact.

BILLY (Norfolk).—"A barber won a shaving competition by three minutes." He just scraped through.

D. B. S. (Crewe).—"After all, where is the ideal boy to be found?" Next door, according to every small boy's mother.

N. D. (Keighley).—"The latest dance suggests the movements of swimming." What we still want is one suggesting the movements of dancing.

L. F. (Bude).—"Why should my wife object to my sitting at home in my shirt-sleeves?" Possibly because she cannot retaliate in the same way.

MAISIE L. (Hammersmith).—"I have lost all my good looks." Your hand-bag may be at the police lost-property office at Lambeth.

D. N. (Southampton).—"My doctor has recommended me to wear hair vests to enable me to keep healthy." You mean, to keep you up to the scratch.

N. T. G. (Littlehampton).—"Ambition is a hard taskmaster." So our office-boy finds since he started growing a moustache.

T. P. (Bodmin).—"Do Aberdonians ever offer prizes?" We believe one has offered to give £1,000 to the first person to swim the Atlantic.

G. P. (Bucks).—"It is much too easy to make light of things nowadays." Until you try one of those patent lighters.

T. S. (Liverpool).—"I have written my will on a sheet of fireproof parchment." But you won't be taking it with you.

P. K. B. (New York).—"In the States boxing is looked upon as a tonic, not a medicine." In this country it is looked upon more as an anæsthetic.

EXPLORER (Chelsea).—"The natives of the Congo will sit and stare at one another for hours on end, emitting only disgusted grunts." So they play bridge there, too.

MRS. M. (Bolton).—"When a canvasser called at my house the other day I gave him a piece of home-made cake." But it takes more than that to discourage a canvasser.

E. E. C. (Alresford).—"I am an author of many years' experience, but I must admit that I know nothing about horse-racing." Then we can expect a book on the Turf from you soon.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE EDITOR *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

D. A. (Ashford).—"Dress was optional." But we trust you wore something.

R. R. (Durham).—"Do you know a better motto than 'Don't Worry!'?" Yes. Don't worry us!

T. S. (Halifax).—"What's the first thing to learn in motor driving?" Where the hospitals are.

D. W. (Mayfair).—"His lordship lives in the same square as I do." But we warrant he moves in a different circle.

C. P. (Bristol).—"I believe my husband is losing interest in me because I am rather extravagant." Well, don't goad him by taking his capital as well.

MARK (Stevenage).—"I do not believe in wearing two things alike." You must look funny in one spat.

W. N. (Bude).—"Can you detect one glaring error in this letter?" Well, writing it at all was a big mistake.

A. W. (Barnstaple).—"The breeding of ducks will solve the farmers' problems." That's a quack remedy.

JOCK (Nairn).—"Ten per cent. of the nation play golf." About 10 per cent. of golfers do the same.

T. C. (Leith).—"30,000 cases of whisky left here for U.S.A." And there was not a dry eye on the quay.

ECONOMIST (Eccles).—"As a man, I welcomed the census." For once you counted in your own house.

R. D. (Sail o' the Bank).—"I have had my fortune told and feel miserable." Were you told by your bank manager?

E. W. (Burnley).—"It took me two hours to write this letter." That's 120 minutes too long.

L. T. (Glasgow).—"Last night I climbed 150 steps to give my poem to an editor." How many steps did you miss coming down?

R. E. (Bungay).—"I wrote an article on tin, but it was returned by the editor." Most editors prefer you to write on paper.

J. C. M. (London, W.).—"A queer case came up in court the other day; a man named Rocket was charged with setting fire to a house." Was he let off?

FASHION EXPERT (London, N.).—"The short skirts of two years ago are now being made into hats." One or two sewn together will also make an attractive little pocket-handkerchief.

G. F. (Lowestoft).—"Several times during the angling carnival I was told that I was the prettiest competitor." What bait does one use when fishing for compliments?

H. M. (Kew).—"What is a trial marriage?" Any marriage.

R. C. (Aberavon).—"Money causes revolutions." The root of all upheaval!

A. L. (Walton).—"You cannot have beauty and brains." Quite true, Adonis.

P. N. (Dover).—"Some people win plenty of money on the racecourse." Yes, they are called bookmakers.

DEALER (High Wycombe).—"At last antiques are coming down in price." Naturally, the cost of production is less.

L. M. (Elstree).—"The London pedestrian is prone to be careless." And if he is careless, he is very often prone.

F. L. (Chalk Farm).—"Silence is golden." Not now. The talkies are making money.

ACTOR (Brixton).—"I have played many villain parts with great success." Without make-up?

L. B. (Carnforth).—"He first met his wife at a croquet tournament." No sport is absolutely safe.

D. K. (London, W.C.).—"I thought I saw you hurrying along the street." We thought we saw you—hence the hurry.

MANICURIST (London, W.).—"There are 5,950 different kinds of hands." This estimate, however, does not include the one we usually get at bridge.

B. M. (Manchester).—"The census official who visited me was under 4 ft. in height." One of the little things that count.

G. K. H. (Highgate).—"Women nowadays select their husbands' collars, shirts, ties and suits." Some are even said to pick the pockets.

L. M. (Rochester).—"My husband is very clever, but he seldom thinks of making me a present." A man of rare gifts.

P. N. (London, N.).—"Our maid won't get up early in the morning." Perhaps she will if she gets to know the milkman.

J. K. (Edmonton).—"Musical instruments are affected by atmospheric conditions." Is that why saxophones in jazz bands sometimes wear bowler hats?

W. M. C. (Colchester).—"I haven't a good word for the Budget." But you may have a few for the budget of prizes on page 35. We've a surplus of over £1,000 to dispose of.

T. B. S. (Hampstead).—"My wine merchant sold me a bottle of brandy for seven shillings, which he said would be worth ten pounds in twenty years." And did you swallow that?

A. D. (Nottingham).—"A New York stenographer recently typed thirty words a minute for sixty-five minutes." Her boss must have been in the room all the time.

(Mary replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"PIG crowds watched the changing of the guard ceremony."

SPORTS BUDGET:—"He yawned BEHIND HIS BACK."

WOMAN'S COMPANION:—"'Terry, darling,' began Joyce; but TERRY'S BACK LOOKED SURLY AND ANGRY."

SALFORD CITY REPORTER:—"A passer-by found —— WRITHING in agony on the ground."

"IN OLD MADRAS" (Novel):—"The young man was taken up DEAD—BUT BREATHING."

MARYLEBONE MERCURY: —"Wanted, daily cook, FOR FLAT FAMILY."

FUN AND FICTION:—"He saw Victor flinch, suddenly, put his HEAD TO HIS CHEEK and draw it away."

NORTH WEST STORIES:—"We heard FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING ON HORSEBACK."

TROON AND PRESTWICK TIMES:—"The Firth was completely FOXBOUND."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"Widow will take one or two men boarders; NO HOME COMFORTS."

"THE MAN FROM CELL 13" (Novel):—"Presently the VISITOR of an upstairs room was flung open."

WORCESTER DAILY TIMES:—"In alighting the AERODROME struck the ground."

BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO:—"All members are asked to attend, as all who intend SINGING on must do so then."

CHINGFORD GUARDIAN:—"A pianoforte solo by Mrs. —— and a COMET solo by Mr. ——."

WEST:—"Sam plunged in blindly, his TEETH curling back with ferocity."

Condition your dog NOW and save him the miseries of summer overheating.

YOU cannot prevent your dog overheating on hot days, as his skin is non-porous, but you *can* save him suffering as a result of overheating.

Pure blood does not overheat readily, but impure blood becoming overheated is the usual cause of the dog's hot weather ailments, and at this time of the year most dogs have impure blood-streams after a winter of restricted exercise.

Experienced Breeders condition their dogs in Spring by giving them Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which are tasteless and so easy to give that you can do the same for your dog.

Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all such ailments as Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat and Swellings between the Toes.

The 6d. packets contain 9 powders; the 1/- boxes 18—from all dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

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GOLDEN SHRED

... IS orange juice and ... sugar ....

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YOUR CHILD'S BREAD *needs* 'Golden Shred'

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"Do you think I am beginning to look my age?" is the anxious question asked by many women who are entering the forties. For it is at this time of life that loss of vitality often makes itself apparent, prompting a woman to the thought that she is no longer young.

With most women middle age is apt to be a trying time, bringing with it anxieties and health trials. One of the first symptoms is usually a vague unsettled feeling, which in turn leads to nervous depression. This is followed by headaches, backaches, indigestion, and a feeling of dread difficult to explain.

If you are like this; if you have turned forty and are "feeling your age," you can gain new strength and new vitality by the simple expedient of taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. The reason is this: these pills enrich the blood, and actually create new blood. This new rich blood is exactly what your system needs, for all your troubles are due to the fact that your blood has become exhausted.

Start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills now; you will be gratified at the new energy they will give you.

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The Graves Screened-Grid 3 Valve Set. 1 and-no-one Oak Cabinet & Loud Speaker. All complete & ready to fix £12:10:0 Terms: 10 now, 10/- month

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A typical kitchen scene.

JOHN BULL PAYS £100

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We give below the names of a few readers only who have received cheques on account of Home Accidents of a non-fatal nature:

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SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. Slater, 15, Maxey Place, Heeley.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. M. Longshaw, 8, Elm Avenue, Cleethorpes.
BURNLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. J. Clarkson, 12, Albion St., Brierfields.
LYTHAM, LANCS.—Mrs. C. A. Gorton, 10, Station Road.
LONDON, S.E.5.—Mrs. L. G. Chown, 105, Beresford St.
WARRINGTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. Jackson, 72, Fairclough Ave., Howley.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. McChord, 294, Old Shettleston Rd.
BATLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. N. Blakeley, 166, Manor Lodge, Soothill Lane.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. A. Clarke, 9, Towcester St., Litherland.
NR. BOSTON, LINCS.—Mrs. F. A. Limb, Lowgate, Wrangle.
NEWENT, GLOS.—Mrs. E. A. Cook, High Street Steam Bakery.
LONDON, S.W.6.—Mrs. A. E. Hallam, 35, Elthiron Rd.
SUTTON, LEICS.—Mr. T. Barker, 29, Tentercroft Ave.
BRADFORD, YORKS.—Miss L. Holliday, 14, Foundry Lane, Wakefield Rd.
SEAFORD, SUSSEX.—Mrs. M. Chapman, "Dilkusha," Salisbury Rd.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. M. A. Sanders, 19, Sydney St.
BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS.—Mrs. F. Dymock, 7, Portland Pl.
HORNCHURCH, ESSEX.—Mrs. L. M. West, 27, North St.
SOUTH SHIELDS, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. A. Halls, 8, Harper's Bldgs.
NR. BILSTON.—Mrs. M. A. France, 16, Chillington View, Ladymoor.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. M. Noble, 12, Wensley Rd., Grange field Estate.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. A. Tootill, 56, Mornington Rd.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Bailey, 2/27, Ryder St.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. E. McMillan, 2, Chalmers St.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. R. Smith, 2, Back 68, Severn St.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. L. Wakefield, 107, Heudham Vale, Queen's Park.
GORTON, LANCS.—Mrs. M. Hallas, 66, Agnew Rd.
FULWELL, SUNDERLAND.—Mr. G. Kidd, 11, Maud St.
NR. ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. H. E. Riley, 7, New St., South Normanton.
GUESTLING, NR. HASTINGS.—Mr. E. F. Butler, 3, Friars Hill Terr.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. V. A. Bolland, 25, Delhi Grove, C.-on-M.

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Address.....

Date.....

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Reader's Signature.

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Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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..... Date .....

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This is a coat of character and the correct style for the new season. It has the fashionable large storm collar and bold revere. The slightly shaped back, and all-round belt on natural waist-line give a slimming effect to suit every figure. This model is produced in fine quality Tweed in neat check design. Lined throughout Art Silk at the bargain price of 19/11 for cash within seven days of order or 3/6 a month until 17/11 is paid. Colours: Fawn/Brown Mixture. Grey/Blue Mixture. Lengths: 38", 40", 42", 44", 46". (O.S. 2/6 extra). No more to pay for a month. At our Regent Street showrooms we have a large range of Bargain Offers.

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Send on Approval above Coat
Length..... Colour.....
I enclose 1/6 deposit and 9d. to cover postage and packing. I will pay balance of price by instalments of 3/6 a month or more. If I am dissatisfied and return the coat unworn at once you will refund my deposit. I enclose full name and address and Postal Order crossed /.

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Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 56/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 50 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

£500 FOR ONE . . . "FIVERS" FOR FIFTY!

HAVE you ever tried to make a *Bullet?* Study the successful efforts and see what you can do, for the knack of turning thoughts into *Bullets* is especially worth acquiring this week.

The best effort received is to secure the substantial First Prize of £500—more than twice as much as the average man earns in twelve months!

In addition to other sums of £50, £25 and many of £6, you have an attraction this week which no other contest can offer—an array of fifty £5 notes, which will assure a substantial reward for the fifty competitors who just miss the higher prizes.

You have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below to make a *Bullet*. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* FEELING THE BUMP, the added words EXCEPT IN POCKET—TAXPAYER would complete a *Bullet*.

This contest is open for one week only, so start on your *Bullets* this evening and get them in by Saturday, May 16.

OVER £1,000 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500—COMPETITION No. 800

Mrs. H. Clifford, Cobblers Hill, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.
Example:—ISLAND OF DREAMS
Bullet:—FIRST KISS, THE "FERRY."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. W. Baker, "Claremont," Bovey Tracey.
Example:—Rich v. Poor
Bullet:—Only "Trophy," Misery's "Cup."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. H. Hawes, "Mayville," Mawneys Road, Romford.
Example:—Hero-worship
Bullet:—"Hooray!" Year Later. "Who?"

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

M. CHALLINOR, Cherry Tree, Parr, St. Helens.
Rich v. Poor—"Interval"—Two Minutes Yearly.

Miss A. DAVENPORT, 85, Newton Street, Macclesfield.
Not Only Cold "Arrested," But Father!

Miss L. GILL, 60, Agnew Road, Fleetwood.
Brought To Justice — Wrong-doer Enters Right Door.

R. LONGBOTTOM, 3, Arthur-Street, Bingley.
Changing The Guard — Might Parry Unemployment's "Blow."

D. MARSHALL, 15, Gregory Avenue, Bolton.
Selfish Couple — Thinks Sonny, Viewing Footplate.

O. MASON, 51, King Edward Road, Maidstone.
In The Home Nest—"*Grub*" That Brings *Father.*

Miss G. K. MEARNS, 25, Mitson Road, West Kensington, W.
By The Million — Voter's "Coupons"—"Gifts." Nil.

Miss E. G. M. SWATRIDGE, Criterion Hotel, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.
Selfish Couple—"Baby? We Want Youth!"

Mrs. A. WALKER, 18, Burges Road, Norwich.
Strikes Me—*Saint* John Citizen, Soon.

J. WILSON, 29, Wellington Street, Blackburn.
Island Of Dreams — Granny's "Golden Strand" Recalled.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BEARDSALL, 3, Newcliffe Terrace, Lund Wood, Barnsley.
Changing The Guard—American Sightseer Suggests Encore.

J. DRURY, 162, Bispham Road, Blackpool.
Springing Up—Suddenly—Children "Surprise Us."

R. A. HAYES, 213, Hammersmith Road, W.
When Father Flies—Like Devil, "Angel" Closing.

E. HAY, 56, India Street, Edinburgh.
Island Of Dreams—Only Promoter's Yacht Reaches.

Miss A. MOORLEY, 54, Station Road, Langley Mills, Notts.
Ideal Budget—Leaves Table—Leaves Stable.

H. ROWLAND, Sunnyside, Foxhayes, Exwick.
Island Of Dreams—Many "Moonlight Excursions" To.

P. SMYTH, 4, Dundela Drive, Belfast.
They're In Love, So—Excuse Them—And Yourself.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

S. THOMPSON, Beacon House, Allonby.
Body And Mind — "Tuned Up" — *After* "Playing."

F. TIMMINS, 47, Nat Flatman Street, Newmarket.
Changing The Guard — Apparently All Guard's For.

Mrs. J. WHITTON, North Tamerton, Holsworthy.
Startling—Analyst's Warning—And Appetite.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 799 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons' Bookstall, L.N.E.R. Station, Lincoln.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 804 recently purchase "John Bull."

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write the extra efforts on plain paper.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLES FOR COMPETITION No. 804.

THE PRINCE'S NEXT JOB	OUT OF THE BLUE	IN TIME OF NEED
ALL WE CAN GET	A TOSS-UP	BECAUSE HE THINKS
SEEDS OF SUCCESS	SEIZING HIS OPPORTUNITY	TELLING
IN THE FARMYARD	PRESSED FOR MONEY	LOOKS SERIOUS
LOSING BUSINESS	UNRELIABLE	FRESH AS A DAISY
ONLY A RUMOUR	KEEPING HIS END UP	FLABBERGASTED
FEELING THE BUMP	IN HIS SPARE TIME	DODGING
SHOULDN'T BE NECESSARY	THE UMPIRE	SHE'D BE HAPPY IF
IF PROMISES WERE TAXED	WHEN MY TURN COMES	TACTFUL V.I.S.TOR
LION-HEARTED	AT ANY MOMENT	"WHY BRING THAT UP?"
THE NEXT MAN IN	PLAY THE GAME AND	

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 16
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(804) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 16
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(804) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

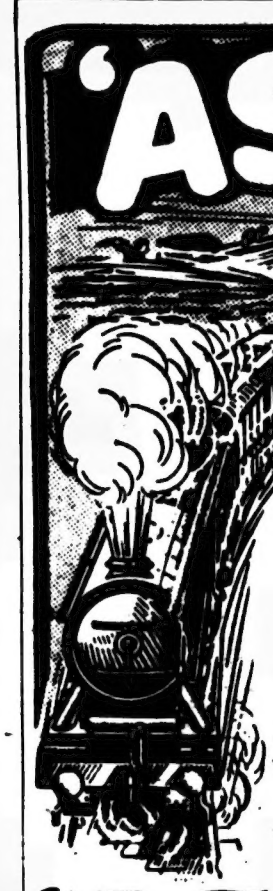
Example _____ Closing SAT. May 16
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(804) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. May 16
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(804) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 804, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

'ASPRO' ACTION PROGRESS



British 'ASPRO'—symbolises Progress and Action in Business and Health. The principle of 'ASPRO' progress when applied to British problems will mean prosperity for Britain. In the meantime 'ASPRO' goes on demonstrating its healing service by quick, safe and efficient action in SOOTHING AWAY PAIN—BANISHING COLDS AND INFLUENZA—RELIEVING RHEUMATIC ATTACKS—STOPPING HEADACHES—HELPING EVERY WOMAN EVERY LITTLE WHILE, Etc., etc.

SO WHY WORRY About These Ailments?

'ASPRO' Will Quickly Banish Them.

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS	MALARIA
SCIATICA	HAY FEVER	
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK	

MORE PROOF FROM USERS

HUSBAND'S FEVERISH COLD STOPPED—"A WONDERFUL REMEDY"

2, Harrison Road, Leicester.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to say what a wonderful thing 'ASPRO' is, as I have proved it by my husband. He got up the other morning quite ill with a feverish cold and had to go back to bed. I persuaded him to take two 'ASPRO' tablets, and in less than 2 hours time he was able to get up and go to work, feeling quite a different man. He has never taken any kind of medicine of that description before, as he always said he did not believe in them. Now he has changed his opinion, he says what a wonderful remedy 'ASPRO' tablets are. Yours sincerely,

A. TAYLOR.

"WONDERFUL" SAYS NURSE

Melbourne, Nr. Derby.

Dear Sirs,

I have recommended 'ASPRO' to various patients whom I have nursed, and all those who have tried it say how wonderful it is. In fact, I usually have a box by me for emergency cases which I find most useful indeed.

Yours faithfully,

(Nurse) C. ———.

'ASPRO' IS A SAFE & EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza and cold attacks is, first, because it is an Antipyretic or Fever Destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful Internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

CHICKEN POX TESTIMONY

1, North Street, Crosshills, Nr. Keighley.

Dear Sir,

I have been a user of 'ASPRO' ever since they came out, and found them very good for headaches. Chicken pox is raging at the schools just now, and the children nearly all start with a headache and very high temperature. I really thought my little boy was commencing with the 'flu. I crushed an 'ASPRO' in a spoon, sprinkled sugar on the top (and mind you the sweet was pouring out of him and he was leaning about all night with headache), but as a result of the 'ASPRO,' taken at twelve o'clock at night and again in the morning, he was playing about in the bedroom with the chicken pox well out. Yours truly,

MRS. E. WINDLE.

INFLUENZA & COLDS GO

15, Cathcart Street, Rutherglen.

Dear Sirs,

It is with much pleasure I write to tell of the great benefit I derived from your tablets.

I was threatened with a bad influenza cold. After taking four of your tablets I felt great relief and the cold gradually left me, and I am all right again.

'ASPRO' I shall recommend to my friends.

T. S. GLEN.

ABLE TO KEEP AT WORK THANKS TO 'ASPRO'

Oak Tree Cottages, Pullens Farm, Horsmondon, Kent.

Sir,

A short while back I developed influenza and was at my wits' end as I could not afford to give up my employment, so I thought I would try 'ASPRO' tablets, and thanks to them I was soon able to throw it off and able to keep to my work. I think 'ASPRO' is wonderful, and shall always recommend it.

Yours respectfully,

(Miss) A. MILHAM.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: Gollin & Co. Pty. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.) Slough, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

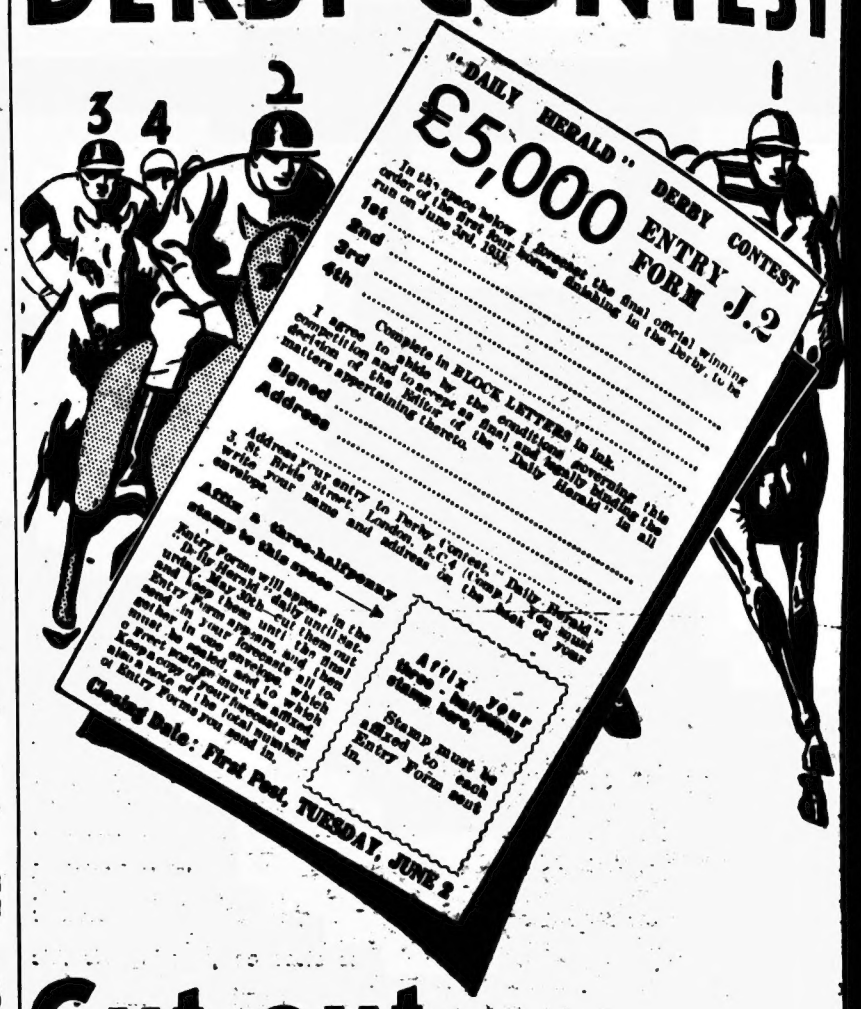
Made by ASPRO Ltd. Slough, England

3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6 PER PACKET

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

GREAT DAILY HERALD DERBY CONTEST


"DAILY HERALD" DERBY CONTEST
ENTRY FORM J.2
£5,000
In the spaces below I forecast the final official winning order of the first four horses finishing in the Derby, to be run on June 3rd, 1931.
1st
2nd
3rd
4th
Complete in BLOCK LETTERS in ink.
I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and binding in all matters appertaining thereto the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald."
Signed
Address
Address your entry to Derby Contest, Daily Herald, 3, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 (Temp.) You must write your name and address on the back of your envelope.
Affix a three-halfpenny stamp to this space
Entry Forms will appear in the Daily Herald daily until Saturday, May 30th, but there must be no Entry Form in your forecast all together in one envelope, to which Entry Form appears, and the number in your forecast all together in one envelope, to which must be sealed, and to which a first postage must be affixed. Keep a copy of your forecast and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in.
Affix your three-halfpenny stamp here.
Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.
Closing Date: First Post, TUESDAY, JUNE 2

Cut out this Form now

it may be worth a fortune

OPEN TO ALL

A fortune for placing the FIRST FOUR HORSES only in the Derby—an opportunity to exercise your skill in the simplest of all Derby Contests by placing four horses in their winning order in the greatest sporting event of the year. Here is a fascinating pastime in which the whole family may join.

In the "Daily Herald" Great Derby Contest, which is open to all, £5,000 Must-be-Won and an extra £1,000 (making £6,000 in all) will be awarded to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader. Registration Forms appear regularly in the "Daily Herald."

In order to give you valuable help, the "Daily Herald" has made special arrangements to publish daily during the run of this Great Contest, exclusive information about the horses engaged. Watch the "Daily Herald" each day for the latest scratchings and hints about likely winners.

Entry Forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald." Do not delay—enter for this thrilling Must-be-Won Contest and a fortune may be yours. To avoid disappointment, ask your Newsagent to deliver the "Daily Herald" to you daily.

£5,000 MUST BE WON

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